

## PERSONAL NOTES

Arrivals and Departures of Residents and Visitors

### IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

The Column Everybody Reads—Chat About Your Friends and Neighbors—Here and There.

The Gazette wishes a Merry Christmas to its readers and friends.

Monday being a legal holiday, the banks will be closed.

Miss Amanda Mann, of Wolfsburg was a Bedford visitor last Saturday.

M. E. Kensinger, of Saxton, was in Bedford this week.

Jo W. Tate left on Wednesday morning for Philadelphia where he will spend Christmas with his sister.

Prof. J. Russell Snyder, a former teacher in the High School, is visiting friends here.

Ex-Sheriffs Cogan, of Yellow Creek, and Imbler, of Osterburg, were Bedford visitors on Monday.

William E. Bowser, of Osterburg, was a business visitor to Bedford the first of the week.

James Croft, of Baker's Summit, transacted business here the first of the week.

Robert Prosser, of Pennsylvania State Nautical School, Philadelphia, is home for the Christmas vacation.

Messrs. Fred Mowry, of Buffalo Mills, and J. B. Hoover, of New Enterprise, were in town this week.

William Mentzer, of Morrison's Cove, visited at the home of Samuel Delancey yesterday.

F. P. Abercrombie, of Altoona, former president of the P. R. R. at this place, is visiting friends here.

Miss Sara Long is spending the Christmas vacation at her home on Juliana Heights.

The Sunday School of the Pleasant Hill church, of Imbertown, will render a cantata on Christmas eve, December 24, at 7.30 p. m.

Joseph Kinsely and Squire W. A. McGregor, of Alum Bank, were business visitors to Bedford on Tuesday.

Miss Alice Blackburn has arrived home to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Blackburn.

Misses Marie Litzenger, of Devon Manor, Devon, Pa., and Katherine, of Barnard University, New York, are spending the holidays with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Rush Litzenger.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ulery and Miss Ellen Fletcher, of Woodbury, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Smith.

Richard Feight is home from Bucknell University, Lewisburg, to spend his Christmas vacation with his mother, Mrs. J. Howard Feight.

Miss Margaret Stiver, of New York, is spending the holidays with her parents, County Commissioner and Mrs. R. A. Stiver.

Mr. Charles C. Irwin, who served efficiently for many years as P. R. R. ticket agent at Bedford, spent Thursday among Bedford friends.

Colvin and Austin Wright, of Haverford College, Philadelphia, are spending the holidays with their parents, Prof. and Mrs. J. Anson Wright.

Miss Lavinia Otto who has been ill for some time was removed on Monday evening to the Western Maryland Hospital, Cumberland, for treatment.

Mrs. Charles Ling and son, George, and Mrs. George Oldham and son, Fred, of Reynolds Dale were out-of-town shoppers here last Saturday.

Messrs Emory and H. W. Beagle, of Imber, Frank Beagle, of Cumberland, and Mrs. Lottie Lingenfelter, of East Freedom, were transacting legal business in Bedford last Saturday.

Mr. George W. Gearinger, of Six Mile Run, a veteran school director of 21 years service attended the Directors' Convention on Wednesday.

Robert Madore, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, arrived home on Wednesday to spend the holidays with his parents, Attorney and Mrs. B. F. Madore.

Dr. William Mann Irvine, president of Mercerburg Academy, has been elected president of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of America. Dr. Irvine is one of Bedford's boys.

Mr. Willard S. Summers has entered into partnership with Mr. E. Toward Blackburn in the hardware business heretofore conducted by Mr. Blackburn alone. The present firm name, the Blackburn Hardware Company, will be retained.

Levi Roudabush, of Osterburg, E. H. Turner, of Mann's Choice, Route 1, J. H. Trushem, of Buffalo Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Barley and little son Junior and little Misses Bertha and Florence Brode, of Wolfsburg, were among the Bedford visitors on Wednesday.

J. C. Turner, of New Buena Vista, three daughters, Violet, Dorothy, Edna and two sons, Jordan and Dan, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Holler and Miss Gertrude Oylar were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Struckman, of Mann's Choice on Sunday.

Misses Edith Blackburn, of Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, Eleanor, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, and Evelyn, of Virginia College, Roanoke, Va., are home to spend the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Blackburn.

## Our Greetings In the Meaning of Christmas

IN THE true spirit of the occasion and with due appreciation of all it implies, we extend Christmas greetings to the readers of this publication. Christmas has a meaning possessed by no other holiday throughout the world. America has its national and special days, other countries have theirs; Christmas is the only one alike in spirit and celebrated in all Christian lands. So pure is its principle that it commands respect and admiration among people who worship their Creator in different ways from ours.

Christmas typifies all that is best in mankind. It is the culmination of the human mind throughout the ages dwelling upon the wonders and mysteries of existence, turning to a reverence for God and His representative on earth. It expresses the ascendancy of spirit, the realization of men of their interdependency and their duty to one another; and so it is marked by the bestowal of gifts and other sentiments of benevolence and well wishing.

The makers of newspapers, concerned as they are with the doings, manifestations and thoughts of their respective communities and the world at large, and recording them in their more important aspects for the information, mayhap the education of readers, are brought into an intimate sense of the spirit and meaning of Christmas. Would that we could express to you all the good that we see in the hearts of men and the increased brilliancy behind a few shadows of the light which has upheld the world for so many centuries. In the happy auguries we see for the future, there is every reason to be merry.

Our Yuletide thoughts go out to the people of this community and our thanks are due the patrons and kind friends who have given us practical support or extended encouragement during the year. May this be the best Christmas you have ever spent, is our wish to all.

THE PUBLISHERS

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## NEW HOTEL TO BE ERECTED IN BEDFORD

Starting right after the first of the year, work is to be begun on a big new hotel to be erected on the property between Metzger Hardware Co., and the Bedford Garage, with a frontage of 92 feet on East Pitt St., and ample depth for all purposes. This is one of the best locations in Bedford for a hotel, being in the center of town, right on the Lincoln Highway, and only half a block from the intersection of the road from Altoona to Cumberland which connects with three great east to west Highways: the National, the Lincoln and the William Penn.

The need of another hotel here has been felt the past two or three summers as great numbers of people have been sent into private homes by the hotels because of lack of accommodations, and Bedford's location with relation to the cross-country highways, in all directions, will bring increasing numbers of tourists here every year, in addition to many who come because of the advantages of climate during the heated term.

The plans now in the hands of the Building Committee call for a four story building about 75x100 feet, including a front porch about 16 feet wide and sixty feet long, and a Dining Porch of approximately the same dimensions, with exterior construction of the main building of hollow tile, brick veneered. The building will be set back some distance from the street, with grass plots and flower beds to beautify the front and side parkway, onto which the Dining Rooms and Parlors will open.

It is proposed to have a first class Cafe in connection, with direct entrance from the street, as well as from the hotel, so that people from the town and surrounding country may be served at popular prices at all hours. This Cafe will be directly connected with the kitchen, so that service will be available to the same extent as in the Dining Room. Space for main and private Dining Rooms and Parlors will be exceptionally large, and will be so arranged that it can be thrown practically into one room when necessary in connection with conventions, banquets, public gatherings, entertainments, dances, etc., and yet all this space will be used for various purposes when not required for such occasions.

The plan calls for a Lobby 30x50 feet; Elevator service; Ladies Rest Room, with toilet facilities, which will be accessible from the Cafe, as well as from the Lobby; Barber Shop, Refrigerating Plant; etc. Seventy-six Bed Rooms are provided for, each room with private or connecting bath, about a third of them being double rooms, and the rest large enough to accommodate an extra cot or bed in an emergency. With the advantages the hotel will enjoy in its location, cafe, etc., it is proposed to make it a year round proposition, rather than a seasonable one.

While the capitalization has not been definitely determined, it will probably be fixed at \$125,000, \$90,000 of which has already been subscribed by a number of local men, including A. C. Blackburn, Chas. L. Longenecker, Jere C. West, J. Frank Russell, W. E. Shoemaker, Ira J. Powell, Arthur S. Russell, C. F. Espenschade, L. D. Blackwelder, Fred K. A. Metzger, H. W. Holler, C. L. Holler, Fred S. Sammel and others. The remaining Preferred Stock will doubtless be subscribed in the near future, for the whole project has been developed with remarkable rapidity and enthusiasm, and a number of others have definitely indicated their desire to have a part in financing this public improvement, which promises to be a most profitable investment.

One interesting and exceptional feature of the financial plan is the fact that no fee of any kind is being paid for promotion or underwriting, every dollar paid for stocks and bonds going into actual 100 per cent. value on basis of cash value, including the property, which the owners have agreed to sell for this purpose at lower prices than they have been asking for it.

### HOME FROM GOUCHER COLLEGE FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Among the Goucher College girls returning home for the holidays are the Misses Mary Armstrong, of S. Juliana Street and Anna Espenschade of Juliana Street.

They have been taking an active part in Goucher's campaign for a \$6,000,000 fund, the greater part of which is to be devoted to moving the college from its old location in the heart of Baltimore to a recently acquired campus of 421 acres at the suburb of Towson, just six miles north of the present site.

### ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., RATES WILL NOT BE RAISED

The Bedford Electric Light, Heat and Power Company, furnishing electric service in Bedford Borough, Pa., and Bedford Township adjacent thereto, has filed with The Public Service Commission a cancellation supplement to its tariff P. S. C.—Pa. No. 5, effective December 15, 1921.

This cancellation has the effect of containing in force without change, the rates published in tariff P. S. C.—Pa. No. 4.

## SIXTY SIXTH ANNUAL TEACHERS' INSTITUTE ASSEMBLES

Record Enrollment of Teachers—Strong Lecture Program. Splendid Evening Entertainment.

Prof. Hinkle, County Superintendent announced in his address of welcome that all except four of the 331 teachers of the county had enrolled as present at the institute at its opening session. In his splendid address he struck the keynote of the institute—that we are assembled to learn to do better the work that has been assigned to us, that we must all do our best to help to carry out the great work that has been outlined for us, and that to carry out the great work that has been outlined for us, and that we put forth every effort to bring our schools up to the modern standards of preparing all our boys and girls for the duties of citizenship.

The lecturers of the institute are: Dr. Lincoln Hulley, President of the John B. Stetson University, DeLand, Florida.

Dr. W. D. Henderson, Head of the University Extension Department, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Dr. F. H. Green, Head Master of the Pennington School for Boys, Pennington, N. J.

Prof. Thomas L. Gibson, Supervisor of Music for the state of Maryland.

### TUESDAY MORNING

Opening song and devotional exercises by Rev. Eyster.

Dr. Hulley—Subject: The Old Colonial Days.

"Why is it that we are not listening to these lectures with Spanish ears? The early developments in this country were directed entirely by the Spanish people. South America was discovered in its entirety by the Spanish, and South America is a large country. Columbia alone is ten times the size of the state of New York. If Chile were placed on the map of U. S. it would reach from New York City to Salt Lake City. The other South American States are of comparative size with Brazil and Argentina very much larger. The Spaniards extended their control over the Southern part of North America, Mexico, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, New Mexico, Arizona, California, etc. Why is it that we are not speaking Spanish?"

Again—Why are we not speaking French? The French extended their control from their settlements on the Niagara to the Great Lakes, the Ohio and Mississippi River Valleys down to New Orleans. All along this entire course we still have a great many French names. Between France and Spain practically all of North and South America was ruled. Why do we not speak French?

The third question—Why is it that we are speaking English?

The destiny of the Americas, especially the United States was decided in Europe. It was the outcome of family warfare in Europe. Because of the aspiration of the ruling families the good colonists were driven from Europe and it so happened that the English people who were persecuted and who came to America came to find God. The clash resulting in the victory of England and Germany over France, Austria and Spain and ending in 1763 gave to England by sweeping demands all of Canada, all of the U. S. east of the Mississippi except Florida. The rest of the Americas were given to Spain which country was already decaying so that after the United States were established it was easy to extend control westward.

Mr. Henderson—"Fundamental Principles of Class Work."

We are using various standards of achievement and we find out by exact measures what our pupils are able to do. But after all we come into the personality of pupils into a something that defies measurements. The fault is not with standards.

1. Assign the lessons with care. It is the first fundamental principle. It is not a question as to how much time should be devoted to the assignment or when it should be made. The assignments must be made in accordance with the subject under consideration, and the entire responsibility rests right with the teacher. Don't make it entirely a text-book affair. Throw the subject into the lives of the pupils so that they will think about it. Make everything real to the pupils. Make the assignment reasonable and make it with care.

2. Study the lesson Plan the campaign carefully. By so doing you will avoid embarrassment.

3. Recite the lesson yourself. Outline for recitation the work that is assigned, and when it is time for the recitation, then ask the questions that are assigned.

4. Adjust recitations and assignments so as to touch the (10%) brightest pupils, (60%) average or normal, and (30%) poor pupils.

Mr. Green—"Mistakes I have made in Teaching."

1. Mistakes made in relation to neighborhood.

2. Mistakes made toward schools in general.

3. Mistakes made toward pupils in particular.

(Continued on page Eight)

### COURT NOTES

The December session of Argument Court was held on Tuesday, of this week. All Judges were present.

Estate of Regina Miller, deceased; return of sale filed.

Estate of Quittman Bowser, deceased; widow's inventory filed.

Estate of Rachel McDonald, deceased; return of sale filed.

Estate of Harrison Fetter, deceased; return of sale filed.

Estate of George T. Beagle, petition for guardian, Ross Reed appointed.

Estate of D. B. Daugherty, feeble minded person; return of sale filed.

Harry Bender vs Catharine Rodgers; motion for rule 33 being ejected.

Estate of George A. Dull, deceased; widow's inventory filed.

Petition of citizens of East Providence Township for removal of supervisors for non performance of duty.

S. H. Smith vs Arthur Ickes; S. R. Longenecker, Esq., appointed auditor to ascertain creditors.

Commonwealth vs Wm. Smith; continued.

Commonwealth vs Chester Chamberlain, Charles Stella and Edward McKnight, larceny; defendants plead guilty and were directed by the Court to pay costs of prosecution, a fine of \$50.00 and serve four months in jail.

Commonwealth vs Elmer Mills, larceny; same sentence as above case.

Commonwealth vs Roy Hasting, Chauncey Winfield, Fred Garlock and Arch McKnight, larceny; defendants plead guilty and were sentenced by the court to pay costs, a fine of \$30.00 and serve four months in jail.

Commonwealth vs Earl Shimm; defendant paroled in custody of her husband.

Estate of Maggie A. Waltz, deceased; report of E. D. Claar, auditor filed.

Commonwealth vs Watson Williams, larceny; plead guilty and was sentenced by Court to pay costs, a fine of \$50.00 and serve four months in jail.

H. S. Smith vs Dewey Black, debt; exemptions sustained and case dismissed.

Estate of Margaret Beck, deceased; order of sale awarded.

B. C. Fetter vs Estate of Harrison Fetter; new trial refused.

E. M. Pennell vs Annie Smouse; new trial refused.

Edyth S. Beals vs Charles Beals, in divorce; decree of divorce awarded.

Emory D. Claar appointed auditor to audit the accounts of H. J. Pleacher, Prothonotary, and the accounts of W. B. Mock deceased and Ella M. Stewart, Register and Recorder.

### L. T. L. AND Y. P. B. CHRISTMAS EXERCISES THIS EVENING

At 6.30 o'clock this (Friday) evening Christmas exercises will be held in the Loyal Temperance Legion room, Moorehead building. There will be Christmas tree attractions. The usual Christmas pie offering will be received for Legion purposes. A "Dues Social" will also be a feature of the evening's program.

The newly elected officers for the year follow:

President, George Powell; Vice President, Wineman Hartley; Recording Secretary, Margaret Colwell; Corresponding Secretary, Jane Weiselt; Treasurer, Miss Mary Minnich and Dale Guyer.

Miss Helen Corboy is home from Virginia to spend her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Corboy.

### SUSPECTS CONFESS TO ROBBERY

Hiding Place of Loot Still Mystery.

Wednesday night of last week the four men taken as suspects in the Claysburg bank robbery confessed to the crime before District Attorney Marion D. Patterson at Holidaysburg but so far authorities have been unable to obtain any information as to the whereabouts of the stolen securities, the men saying that the loot was to have been divided in Johnstown and they do not know where it is hidden. A few days ago after their confession several of the young men attempted to repudiate it but Joseph Blackburn insisted that they had committed the robbery. Tuesday officials working on the case went to Claysburg taking with them one of the party who said he had remained in the car during the robbery and together they went over all the details of the robbery with the result that everything the young men told in their confession was confirmed. It is believed that there is still another party to the robbery and officials are bending all their energies in his direction, believing that if he is intercepted the hiding place of the bonds and securities will be made known.

### MARRIAGE LICENSES

Ralph Gilmore Fetter, of Alum Bank, and Luella Blackburn, of New Paris.

Albert Nevin Berkey, of Shanksville, and Iva May Shull, of Point.

Franklin H. Manges and Veda V. Mowry, both of Harrison Township.

Fred E. Shoemaker, of Colerain Township and Laura M. Shoemaker, of Harrison Township.

Lorenza Dow Black, of Newgreys and Veda S. Thomas, of Six Mile Run.



## Register's Notices.

The following Administrators', Executors' and Guardians' Accounts have been filed in the Register's Office for confirmation in the Orphans' Court of Bedford County on Monday January 16, 1922.

1. The First and Final Account of Josephine C. Nycum, Administratrix of the Estate of Henry C. Nycum, late of Monroe Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
2. The First and Final Account of Belva M. Hurley, Administratrix of the Estate of John A. Hurley, late of Harrison Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
3. The First and Final Account of E. B. Zinn, one of the Executors of the Estate of Emma E. Staley, late of Everett Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
4. The Account of E. M. Pennell, Esq., Executor of the last Will and Testament of Reuben H. Holmes, late of Hopewell Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
5. The First Account of J. L. Zeth, and F. M. Zeth, Executors of the last Will and Testament of M. V. Zeth, late of Hopewell Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
6. The First and Final Account of Andrew J. Hillegass and George E. Hillegass, Administrators of the Estate of Henry Hillegass, late of Hyndman Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
7. The Account of J. H. Snoeberger, Administrator and Trustee to sell the Real Estate of Mary Waters, late of Woodbury Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
8. The First and Final Account of William Ralph Dibert, Administrator and Trustee to sell the Real Estate of Charles H. Dibert, late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
9. The First and Final Account of Harrison Ritchey, Administrator of the Estate of Rev. Samuel Ritchey, late of Hopewell Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
10. The First and Final Account of D. C. Reiley, Administrator of the Estate of Thersa M. Fluke, late of Hopewell Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased and Trustee to sell decedent's Realty.
11. The First and Final Account of Lemon McDonald, Administrator of the Estate of Rachel McDonald, late of West St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
12. The First and Final Account of Elizabeth S. Frazier, Administratrix of the Estate of William H. Frazier, late of the Borough of Hyndman, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased and Trustee to sell decedent's Real Estate.
13. The Account of Edward Price, Esq. Price and James A. Heming, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Andrew J. Price, late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
14. The First and Final Account of Gertrude S. Gensimore and Grace B. Ginn, Executrices of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Brumbaugh, late of Bedford Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
15. The First and Final Account of J. Irvin Byres, Administrator of the Estate of William C. Quarry, late of Woodbury Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
16. The First and Final Account of Emma A. Neal, Administratrix of the Estate of John S. Neal, late of Bloomfield Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
17. The First and Final Account of S. S. Leach, Trustee to sell the Real Estate of Cora Leach, late of West Providence Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased, post partition.
18. The First Account of M. H. Akers, Administrator of the Estate of George Albert Hanks, late of Monroe Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
19. The First and Final Account of Charles B. Mowry, Warren K. Mowry and Austin H. Mowry, Executors of the last Will and Testament of William H. Mowry, late of Juniata Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
20. The First and Final Account of Stanley Wolf, Administrator of the Estate of William S. Berkheimer, late of East St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
21. The First and Final Account of Emory Beagle and Lottie Lingenfelter, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth W. Beagle, late of King Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
22. The First and Final Account of William B. Bowser, Administrator of the Estate of King Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
23. The Second Account of H. W. Cogan, Administrator of the Estate of Susan Heffner, late of Hopewell Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased.
24. The First and Final Account of Lorenzo I. Brown, Administrator of the Estate of Jacob D. Brown, late of Woodbury Borough, Bedford County, Penna., deceased.

Ella M. Stewart, Register.

Dec. 24, Jan. 13.

**ACCOUNT IN COMMON PLEAS**

The following account has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Bedford County and will be presented to the Court for confirmation and allowance on Monday the 16th of January next.

The First and Final account of Robert C. Smith, Guardian and Trustee to sell the real estate of D. Barkley Daugherty of East St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pa., an incompetent.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

The Safest and Best Family Medicine

## Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Bedford County, and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bedford Borough, County of Bedford, and State of Pennsylvania, on Saturday the 14th day of January 1922 the following property, viz:

All the defendant's right, title and interest in all those five certain tracts, pieces or parcels of land more particularly described as follows:—

No. 1. A lot of ground situated, lying and being in Pleasantville Borough, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, bounded on the North by G. H. Miller, on the East by alley, on the South by alley on the West by Public Road, and having thereon erected a two-story frame eight room dwelling house and all necessary outbuildings.

No. 2. All the defendant's interest in the timber on the P. H. Fink tract of land situated in Broad Top and West Providence Townships, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, bounded on the North by Charlotte Fry and the Raystown Branch of the Juniata River, on the East by Charlotte Fry and Jesse Greenwalt and on the West by the Raystown Branch of the Juniata River, containing 214 acres and 209 perches more or less.

No. 3. A tract of land situated in Kimmell Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, bounded on the North by George Welsh, on the East by Millard Fickes, on the South by Valentine Stuffs heirs and L. S. Imler, on the West by Valentine Stuffs heirs and Bruce Morehead and L. S. Imler, containing 120 acres more or less, having thereon a four room bungalow dwelling house 31x16 feet, a stable 23x35 feet and outbuildings.

No. 4. All that defendant's interest in the timber on the Millard Fickes tract of timber land situated in Kimmell Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, bounded on the North by George Welsh, on the East by other lands of Millard Fickes, and by Jacob Feather and Albert Feather, on the South by public road, on the West by A. Arthur Ickes, containing 100 acres more or less.

No. 5. All the defendant's interest in the timber on the Valentine Stuffs heirs land, situated in Kimmell Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, bounded on the North by A. Arthur Ickes and others, on the East by Albert and Jacob Feather and others, on the South by L. S. Imler, and on the West by L. S. Imler and Bruce Morehead, containing 64 acres and 64 perches more or less.

Terms: The price for which the property is sold must be paid at the time of sale, or such other arrangements made as will be approved, otherwise the property will immediately be put up and sold at the risk and at the expense of the person to whom it was first sold, who, in case of deficiency at such resale, shall make good the same, and in no instance will the deed be acknowledged unless the money is actually paid to the sheriff. Purchasers who are lien creditors must secure a certified list of liens for the sheriff in order to apply the amount of bids or any part thereof on their liens.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of A. Arthur Ickes, Defendant.

Sale to commence at one o'clock p. m. of said day.

J. M. Fink, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bedford, Pa.

Dec. 23, 1921.

Dec. 23—Jan. 14.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**

ESTATE OF Quitman Bowser, late of King Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

William B. Bowser, Administrator.

Osterburg, Pa.

Frank E. Colvin, Attorney.

Dec. 23 Jan. 27.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**

ESTATE OF Moses Lippel, late of Bedford Borough, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

Henry Lippel, Administrator c. t. a.

Cumberland, Md.

George Points, Clarence Lippel, Attorneys.

Dec. 23 Jan. 27.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE**

ESTATE OF George H. Oster, late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of George H. Oster late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

J. Carl Oster, Executor.

Bedford, Pa. 1

F. Madore, Attorney.

Dec. 9 Jan. 13.

## EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF John Redinger, late of Southampton Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of John Redinger late of Southampton Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

Edith P. Redinger, Executrix.

Clearville No. 3.

B. F. Madore, Attorney.

Nov. 25 Dec. 30.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE**

ESTATE OF Uriah Blackburn, late of East St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of Uriah Blackburn, late of East St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

Albert E. Blackburn, M. D., Executor.

3813 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

George Points, Attorney.

Dec. 9 Jan. 13.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**

ESTATE OF Margaret A. Beck, late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

H. C. Miller, Administrator.

Cumberland Valley, 1

B. F. Madore, Attorney.

Dec. 16 Jan. 27.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**

ESTATE OF Margaret E. Diehl, late of Colerain Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

Martin A. Diehl, Et. 4 Bedford, Pa.

Elias A. Diehl, Lutzville, Pa.

Administrators.

Emory D. Claar, Attorney.

Dec. 9 Jan. 13.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE**

ESTATE OF Rebecca L. Rinard, late of East Providence Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

H. Irvine Rinard, Executor.

Breezewood, Pa.

Simon H. Sell, Attorney.

Bedford, Pa.

Nov. 25 Dec. 30.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**

The Board of Directors of the Bedford County Trust Company have this day declared a 3% semi-annual dividend, free of tax, to shareholders of record December 31st, 1921, payable January 3rd, 1922.

P. N. Rieser, Treas.

Dec. 16—23.

**FOR SALE**

150 acre farm about 1 mile north of Saxton. A good 7 room house basement and cellar, a large bank barn, springhouse and chicken coop, garage and other out buildings, 600 young trees, peaches, apples and plums. About \$3,000 prop ties and paper-wood, close to a blast furnace, coal mines and R. R. Shops, good Schools, 4 year high, good fishing and hunting.

\$4,000. can have immediate possession, \$2,000 cash, balance on easy payments.

D. F. Workman, Saxton, Pa.

## HOLIDAY SEASON IN CAPITAL CITY

**PRESIDENT HARDING INTENDS TO REVIVE NEW YEAR DAY RECEPTION TO PUBLIC.**

**FOREIGNERS WILL CELEBRATE**

Will Follow the Customs of Their Own Lands on Christmas and January 1—Residents Hope for Hard Frost and Skating.

By EDWARD B. CLARK

Washington.—Washington is on the eve of a holiday season which will be differentiated sharply from any of its sister seasons since the great war began. It is the intention of the administration to return to the custom of giving the public a New Year day reception to which all are invited, and it is likewise the intention of the foreigners here to celebrate the holidays as if they were in their own land.

President Wilson did away with the public receptions on January 1, and for the main part there was gratification that he did so. Theodore Roosevelt once was urged to do away in his own behalf with the public reception on the first day of the year. Roosevelt took office in the early fall on the death of McKinley, and his first New Year in the White House was January 1, 1902. People at that time were afraid of public receptions, but Roosevelt vetoed the plan to do away with the great New Year event.

Washington at the holiday season is a city apart. Christmas here partakes of the nature of the northern and of the nature of the southern Christmas. There is the old time southern hospitality in evidence, and there is the old-time northern cheer in evidence with it.

One change has come over the Washington holiday situation. Once on a time everybody had game dinners on the two great days, Christmas and New Years. Canvas-back duck was the chief dish on many a table, but now a law has intervened, wisely it seems, and canvas-back duck no more can be purchased in the market. The same thing is true of many other species of game birds which once were provided plentifully for the Capital city consumers.

Plans of the Foreigners.

There will be many foreigners in Washington during the holiday season. The great conference will work only intermittently during the days of cheer. At the British embassy plum pudding will be partaken of and the chances are that the Englishmen present at the holiday gathering will sing the old-time carols of their native land.

The other foreigners who are here will celebrate Christmas after their own fashion. The so-called Latin races have their home celebrations and then later in the day they visit, family by family, carrying greens and gifts. The South Americans particularly are great Christmas keepers. Some time ago a writer, paraphrasing the saying of a few years ago, said that it was the hope of the conference to get "armament out of the trenches by Christmas." It does not seem today as if there is any chance that the armament problem will be settled by the day of good cheer and good will, but if on that day the world seems to be well on its way to at least partial disarmament the officials here doubtless will be well satisfied.

There will be no children at the Christmas day celebration in the White House this year. When Woodrow Wilson was President his daughters were well grown and there were no festivities in the executive mansion of the kind which mark the "doings" when little ones are present, but Christmas was kept with good cheer, nevertheless.

**Roosevelt's Christmas Days.**

When Theodore Roosevelt was president there were small children in the household on several successive Christmases. There always was a romping time within the walls of the house. Quentin, who was one of the moving spirits of these occasions, now lies in a grave in France. The story is told that Theodore Roosevelt objected to Christmas trees because, being a conservationist, he feared that so many evergreen trees were cut down for Christmas purpose that the supply might become exhausted. It is said that either Archie or Quentin Roosevelt, I have forgotten which, decided that he would have a Christmas tree whether his father would or not, and so he smuggled one into the White House and set it up in a big closet where he and his brothers enjoyed it surreptitiously.

Washingtonians always hope that winter will come with Christmas. Like most people who live in a non-descript climate, they yearn for hard frost and skating, and the sleighing which comes with them. Last year was an open winter and Washington was disappointed. This year there has been one snow fall and the prophets say that hard freezing weather is to come.

About Assistant Secretaries.

Seemingly the light of the assistant secretaries of the various government departments is hidden under a bushel, save in rare instances. Once in a while the assistant secretary gets a chance to act as secretary. Then for a few days in the absence of the cabinet officer in whose department he works he becomes the acting

cabinet officer, and a glimpse is obtained of him, but at other times for the most part he is in seclusion, but it is a hard working seclusion nevertheless.

The present assistant secretary of the navy is Col. Theodore Roosevelt, whose father at the outbreak of the Spanish war occupied a like position. This assistant secretary in part was charged with the work of preparing the American plan for partial naval disarmament and he was one of the five men who knew the secret and who kept it until the hour when it was officially made known by Secretary of State Hughes at the first open meeting of the great conference of the nations.

In the War and Navy departments both secretaries and both assistant secretaries are men who have seen service in war. Secretary of War Weeks is a naval academy graduate, and he served in the Spanish war and was a volunteer for service in the great war. The career in the marine corps of Secretary of the Navy Denby is well known.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt saw service as a field officer in France. He was severely wounded in action, but he has recovered his health completely. Assistant Secretary of War J. Mayhew Wainwright also saw overseas service in the great war.

**Alvey A. Adey an Important Man.**

There are several assistant secretaries of state as there are also several assistant secretaries of the treasury. In the State department the second assistant secretary, Alvey A. Adey, who seems from his initial letters to be the "alpha" of the department, in a sense is also the "omega," because he is the authority of last resort on any disputed diplomatic question on record.

In some respects Alvey A. Adey is the most important man in the State department. In a way he can be said to be of no politics, although he unquestionably has his own political views and unquestionably exercises his voting right in his home town when election day comes around. Mr. Adey has served for many years in the State department under both Republican and Democratic administrations.

The job of third assistant secretary of state is a curious one. It is the most trying place, in a sense, that is known to any of the departments, for this third assistant secretary must know everything about the precedence of persons, and who's who in the diplomatic and official world, and just where he belongs.

The present third assistant is Robert Wood Bliss. For a long time Mr. Bliss has been in the service of the department. For ten years he was in Paris serving under a long line of American ambassadors to that country. Every time that a foreign official comes to Washington, and foreigners have been here in droves recently, the third assistant secretary of state must meet him in behalf of his chief and must extend the greetings of the American government to the distinguished incomer.

**Secretary Mellon's Assistants.**

In the Treasury department secretary Mellon has five assistant secretaries. Their responsibilities are divided. There is one in charge of fiscal affairs, another in charge of public buildings, another in charge of internal revenue and customs, another in charge of foreign loans, and another in charge of war risk insurance and public health.

It is only recently that there have been five assistant secretaries of the treasury. Originally there were only three, but the war and its aftermath have necessitated the appointment of two additional officials, one in charge of foreign loans, Elliot Wadsworth; and another in charge of war risk insurance and public health, Edward Clifford.

Positions as assistant secretaries of the treasury are much sought after. Virtually every man who gets an assistant secretaryship has had training in finance. A place in the treasury as an assistant secretary is regarded frequently as a stepping stone to preferment in civil life. Several men who have served as assistant secretaries of the treasury later have become prominent in the banking and financial world, one notable case being Frank A. Vanderlip, who, after leaving his place as assistant secretary, became the president of what is believed to be the largest bank in the United States.

**Poetry and Reality.**

It is one of the misfortunes of progress that the tomb of Lalla Rookh is not in Kashmir vale, by "the crystal pools of Shalimar," but close to one of the rumbling little railroads that are modernizing Hindustan. Of course, the daughter of Aurangzeb does not lie there, but it is no poetical location for even a legendary tomb of such a heroine.—New York Evening Post.

**Morris Chair Finds Favor.**

William Morris was an Englishman yet the chair which commemorates his name is said to be a distinctly American development, evolved in the United States and largely popularized in the country by the quality of its comfort. Where it is known abroad it is known as the Morris chair and recognized as a typically American evolution.

**True to His Nature.**

"I have noticed" said Uncle Sam "that de man who got his wealth 'runnin' a crooked policy game—some gals' most anxious to put on about how much money he's got."

## LIVE STOCK

**PUREBRED STALLION IS BEST**

Poor Policy to Use Anything but Sound Animal, Free From Manifest Faults of Conformation.

A low service fee never should tempt one to use an inferior stallion. It also may pay better to use a stallion which stands at some distance rather than one that is more convenient. While the cost of a stallion is not always in proportion to his worth as a sire, the service fee generally is, if the horse has been standing long enough for mare owners to be able to pass judgment on his potency and on the quality of the colts he gets. The opinion of disinterested horsemen together with the stallion's show winnings will aid in making a good selection.

Weight is an indispensable quality in a draft stallion, although it should not offset a deficiency in other respects. In the lighter stallion style, smooth lines and swift, well-balanced action are necessary to improve the light horse stock. In any breed good feet, clean, flat bone, free from meanness, well-defined hocks, good disposition, quality, animation and breed characteristics are well worth looking for in the sire.

It is poor policy to use anything but a sound purebred stallion free from manifest faults of conformation and of the same breed or type as the mare. It must be borne in mind, too, that a stallion that is not properly fed and exercised is not likely to get a large proportion of strong, healthy colts. In short, too much care can not be exercised in securing a suitable mate for the mares, and the fundamental law that generally holds in all breeding operations must always be remembered, viz, like produces like or likeness of an ancestor.

**BUTTERMILK GOOD FOR PIGS**

Very Little Danger of Overfeeding Animals Provided Some Grain Is Given Daily.

Several years ago at the Iowa station they fed spring pigs all the buttermilk they would drink, together with corn and tankage from self-feeders. These pigs averaged about four gallons of buttermilk per head daily, together with about two and one-half pounds of corn and one-seventh of a pound of tankage. But they used the buttermilk to excellent advantage, gaining one and one-half pounds per pig daily as compared with one and one-tenth pounds for the pigs on self-feeders of corn and tankage with no buttermilk.

Buttermilk has an almost identical feeding value with skim-milk and we may conclude therefore that there is very little danger of over-feeding pigs on either skim-milk or buttermilk, provided at least two or three pounds of grain per pig daily are fed in addition.

**VACCINATION OF SMALL PIGS**

Simultaneous Inoculation Gives Immunity Up to a Period of Nine Months, Says Iowa.

Hog cholera vaccination of pigs a week to six weeks old by simultaneous inoculation gives an immunity up to a period of nine months, according to the Iowa experiment station.

In the experiment a total of 171 immune pigs were treated. During the test three of the pigs died from other causes, but none from cholera. No ill effects from simultaneous inoculation was apparent on any of the pigs.

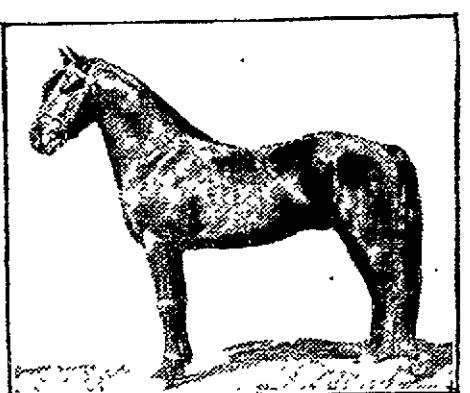
Serum was injected in the following proportions: Pigs one week old received 10 c. c. of anti-hog-cholera serum and one-half c. c. of virus. Pigs three weeks or more received from 15 to 20 c. c. of serum and from one-half to three-fourths c. c. of virus.

All pigs were tested with five c. c. of virus at the end of the period; the protection was lasting.

**MINERAL MIXTURE FOR HOGS**

Some Farmers Prepare Corn Cobs, Bone and Limestone—Another Good Preparation.

Some farmers prepare mineral mixtures for their hogs by using burnt corn cobs, burnt bone and ground limestone, which is all right, but frequently it is overlooked. A good homemade mineral mixture for hogs is as follows: Three bushels charcoal, two quarts air-slaked lime, eight pounds salt and one bushel wood ashes.



Troubadour, Morgan Stallion Used at Government Breeding Farm at Middlebury, Vermont.

## VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they are that they need attention by taking

**GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL**

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, which can cure the disease and strengthen the system without further attacks. Therefore, do not wait. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.



## BEDFORD GAZETTE

VICTOR E. P. BARKMAN  
Editor and Publisher

Regular subscription price per year 2.00, payable in advance and \$2.50 if paid within the year. All communications should be addressed to:

Gazette Publishing Co.,  
Bedford, Pa.

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Card of Thanks \$1.00, Resolutions of Respect, \$2.00. Obituary Poetry 5c per line. Memorial Poetry 5c per line.

Friday, December 23, 1921.

## THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

Victor F. Moore

The League of Nations gave assurance against world conflagrations whereas the disarmament conference does nothing of the sort. It is simply an attempt in an efficient way to do what should have been done in an efficient way. All intelligent persons must agree this disarmament conference will not reduce the possibilities of war, because war is not made impossible by reducing the armed forces of a nation but by making it unhealthy for any aggressive nation to attempt such a thing. In other words as long as predatory instincts are the order of the day let us not feel war can be stopped by a mere reduction of armament. This, of course, does not mean disarmament is not a good thing, but it is not sufficient for a war weary world that is sick and tired of war, and wants a guaranteed prevention of it. Disarmament will relieve taxation burdens, and one is safe in saying that this is about as far as the vision of those representing America goes, but certainly no sane man can suppose that if all nations reduce proportionately their fighting material, there does not exist the same likelihood of war cropping out at anytime in the future when nationalistic interests conflict.

Nor can Harding's association of nations, which does not have its powers defined nor limited, be of any hope in insuring the world of peace as long as it trusts its destiny to the unbridled discretion of a few men. It cannot say specifically what will be done or what will not be done; when the nations concerned shall meet, etc. While if the covenant of the League of Nations held nothing else it stated explicitly that Council shall meet once every year without fail. This provision justifies its adoption alone. The Great War demonstrated beyond question that a binding conference between the nations of the earth is one of the most certain means of preventing war; but it must be binding. Heretofore such a conference could not be held except by voluntary action of all parties. In July 1914, Sir Edward Grey exhausted effort to bring about a meeting of the powers to consider the dispute between Austria and Serbia. Germany rejected the proposal and the World War resulted. Had Germany been bound up by the League of Nations a meeting would have been called on the instant and Germany would have been obliged to attend. Because there was no binding conference, but merely an open discussion 7,000,000 dead men fill soldiers graves, and 200,000,000 maimed and blind men now constitute a world problem.

Many Democrats have been led into believing that the proper attitude to take toward this Washington conference is one of acquiescence that if this is not the best arrangement it is next best possible and there fore it is very unwise to say anything against it. In many instances the Democrats have impressed us with their great desire to co-operate in every way, and to, above all, re-frame from the same tactics that Lodge and his crowd assumed in their successful effort to kill the Versailles pact.

To fight for a just cause and to play politics are two different things, and though "this going" along may seem wise it is very unwise for it can be readily seen that the Democrats are missing a great opportunity to expose to the people of this country the culpability and stupidity of the reactionary Republicans.

These Republicans are guilty of the blackest crime of the human race. Their partisan treachery in rejecting the League of Nations is the cause of the economic collapse we are now witnessing the world over. Had America's influence been assured in the maintaining of the peace of the World the government of Europe would have been politically strengthened, and consequently more firmly established economically. America would have had foreign markets, and the conditions of foreign exchange would be tending toward normal instead of the ruination it now faces. The unemployment of six million persons throughout this country today due chiefly to the antics of those unscrupulous politicians whose sole desire was to see the Republican Party in power even at the cost of their honor; and now they come along with a half-baked proposal as a substitute for the League of Nations, and what is worse there is no united democratic protest.

There is only one solution to the whole affair, whether Harding and Lodge like it or not, and that is to follow the foreign policy of our great Ex-President Woodrow Wilson.

## PRESIDENT WILSON AND SECRETARY HOOVER THOUGHT THE SAME IN 1919.

President Wilson addressing Congress in May 1919, expressed the sound view of all unbiased American economical authorities as follows:

"We must face the fact that unless we help Europe to get back to her normal life and production, a change will ensue there which will inevitably be communicated to this coun-

try. If only in our own interests, we must help the people overseas. Europe is our best customer. We must keep her going or thousands of our shops and scores of our mines must close. There is no such thing as letting her go to ruin without ourselves sharing in the disaster."

Herbert Hoover in a speech on October 3, 1919, further emphasized this combined domestic and world condition as follows:

"We are an overseas people and we are dependent upon Europe for market for the surplus products of our families and laborers. Without order in Europe we will at best have business depression, unemployment, and all their train of trouble. With renewed disorganization in Europe, social disease and anarchy thrive and we are infected by every social disease that blows from Europe. We are forced to interest ourselves in the affairs of the world if we are to thrive."

These are views given by President Wilson, the Democrat, and Herbert Hoover, a Progressive Republican. Scores of similar views by Democrats and Republicans could be cited. From the spring of 1919 to the spring of 1921 the Republican Congress and the Republican President have scorned, ignored and repudiated these vital economic truths and the consequence is that the United States has fallen into one of the worst, if not the worst, periods of stagnation of its industries in the history of the country. Shops and mines are closed down, farmers are on the verge of bankruptcy, murders and robberies are getting to be the principle features of the daily papers, starvation is facing a great majority of the American people, all because a president and a congress are too obstinate to credit a former president and a present cabinet officer with vision enough to tell the tide of events.

The Newberry election case, involving the expenditure of huge sums of money, has just been brought up in the Senate at a time when the press of the country is overburdened with news of the Disarmament Conference, thus guaranteeing a minimum of publicity for the trial of the case in the open Senate. This effort to adopt the majority report of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Election whitewashing Senator Newberry, and signed by every Republican member of the Committee, is being contested by the Democrats led by Senator Pomerene of Ohio, assisted by Senators Walsh of Montana, Harrison of Mississippi, and others. The Democrats are sure of support of at least a half dozen Republican votes, and it is expected that Senator Kenyon (Rep., Iowa), leader of the Republican Progressives, will play an active part against Newberry in the debate.

Senator Pomerene, who has the case in charge for the Democrats, is a member of the committee scheduled to leave for Haiti a few days after the Newberry case was suddenly brought up. At this writing all efforts of the Democrats to postpone the discussion of the case, which will amount to an open trial in the court of public opinion, until Senator Pomerene's return, have been unsuccessful, as the Republicans seem determined to jam the matter through at a time when the reading public will have little opportunity to learn the facts.

The Newberry case, in which the admitted expenditures were nearly \$200,000, is one of the most notorious scandals of American politics.

## BEFORE HEALTH BREAKS DOWN

WISE PEOPLE TAKE PEPTO-MANGAN, THE BLOOD BUILDER

The prevention of sickness is one of the greatest works of the public health authorities. People are being taught how to take care of their bodies so that they can avoid sickness. In schools children are being taught hygiene. Serious illness can be avoided by proper care of the health. Pale faces, sickly bodies, loss of appetite and sleep, headaches and nervousness are usually signs of weak blood. With poor blood, the body has no resistance.

Disease germs have an easy time of it. People are learning the necessity of keeping blood in good condition. They take Gude's Pepto-Mangan when they feel run down. That keeps blood normal so that it can resist disease. It is sold in both liquid and tablet form at drug stores. Advertisement.

REMEMBER  
REEFER'S MORE EGGS  
Helps your Hens lay  
lots of eggs  
3 Packages for \$1.00

SPRIGGS

323 E. John St.

Dec 23-30

Abraham Schnably.

Abraham Schnably, of Osterburg died Monday morning at his home, after a long illness of a complication of ailments. He is survived by his widow and a number of children, including Mrs. N. P. Balzer, of Daisytown. Funeral services were held in Osterburg Wednesday morning. Interment was made in the Osterburg cemetery.

To All Newlyweds.  
The very best thing with which to feather your nest is cash down—Car-  
teons Magazine

Mrs. Nettie Manges

Mrs. Nettie Horne Manges died at her home on West Pitt street last Friday with pneumonia. She had been ill for some time and had just recovered from an attack of diphtheria when pneumonia set in. Deceased was a daughter of the late Joseph and Charlotte (Ott) Horne and was born near Schellburg about forty-four years ago. About fifteen years ago she was united in marriage with Joseph Manges, who with the following children survives her: Christine, Joseph, Kenneth and Robert. She is also survived by one brother, Frank Horne, of Fishertown.

The funeral services were held on Monday morning at 9 o'clock in the Fishertown Reformed church, Rev. J. V. Royer, officiating. Interment was made in the Fishertown cemetery.

Mrs. Manges was a kind and loving mother and a good neighbor and will be greatly missed by her many friends at this place and at Fishertown, where she formerly lived.

Jacob Bowser

Jacob Bowser, a well known and respected citizen died at his home in New Paris on December 10, 1921, aged 93 years, 3 months and 20 days. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. John Bowers. He was a soldier in the Civil War and a member of the Evangelical church for many years, having united with the same at the age of fourteen and was faithful unto death. He is survived by John A. Bowers and Mrs. Annie Gohn, children of his first marriage and George Bowers, Austin Bowers, Harry Bowers, Irvin Bowers, Mrs. Fronie Morris and Mrs. Della Gephart of the second marriage.

Funeral services were conducted in the Evangelical church at New Paris on the afternoon of the 12th by the Rev. J. L. Smith assisted by the Rev. G. E. Metzger. Interment was made in the cemetery near the church.

Charlotte Ann McIlwaine

Charlotte Ann McIlwaine, wife of Samuel McIlwaine, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Studebaker, died at her home in New Paris on December 10, 1921, aged 75 years, 9 months and 18 days. She was a member of the M. E. church for about sixty years. She became the wife of Mr. McIlwaine in 1876 and is survived by two daughters, Anna Rhoda, Mrs. Norman E. Waite, of Altoona, and Elizabeth, Mrs. Hall Davis, of New Paris. She is also survived by two brothers, Edmund Studebaker, of South Bend, Ind., and William Studebaker, of Los Angeles, Cal., and three sisters: Mrs. John Wertz, of Altoona; Mrs. John Debaugh and Miss Missouri Studebaker of Mann's Choice. Her parting words to her husband were "I bid you goodbye. I'm passing to the heavenly land."

Services were conducted at the home by the Rev. G. W. Knox, who spoke from Psalms 17-15 which was selected by the deceased many years prior to her death. "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Interment was made in the Reformed cemetery near Fishertown.

## The Double Gift

Our Christmas Club gives its members interest on their money but it gives something far more valuable than that.

It gives the Saving Habit. Start your child or your friend in the Thrift Habit. Take out a membership ticket for him—along with your own. Make the first deposit yourself, and give him the responsibility of keeping it up.

It's a Character Builder

Club now open. Call to-day.

Hartley Banking Co.  
BEDFORD, PA.

Home of Christmas Savings

## Nothing Hidden From X-Rays.

Few organs or parts of the human body are inaccessible to examination by X-rays. The most remarkable advance in this line was the discovery that insoluble opaque salts can be administered to patients in such quantity as to fill the gut, stomach and intestines, so that these hollow organs may be studied with the rays. The "opaque meal" shows their size, shape and position and also reveals their contractile movements.

Egg Dances.

The egg dance, now confined chiefly to Spain, among the people of Valencia, was a once popular diversion in England, Scotland, Holland and other parts of Europe. A number of eggs were arranged in a prescribed form upon the dancing floor, and among them a blind-folded dancer moved as best he might, to music, the object being to execute an intricate dance without breaking the eggs. The music, like the arrangement of the eggs, also was prescribed.

Disease Delayed.

One curious point which is shown in insurance tables is that those organic diseases which are so frequent in middle life develop at a period from five to ten years later than they did fifty years ago.

At The Last Minute  
You Can Give Nothing Finer Than Some  
RECORDS

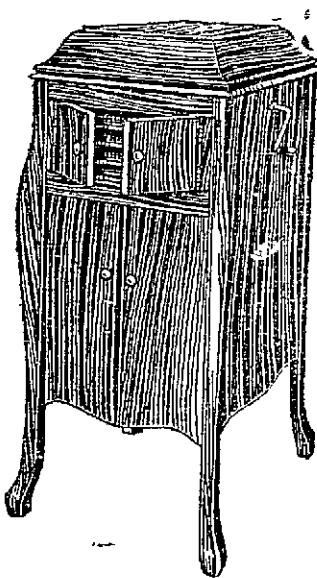
Such a gift carries with it lasting joy and is a constant reminder of friendship.

## Here are a few of the Christmas Records we have

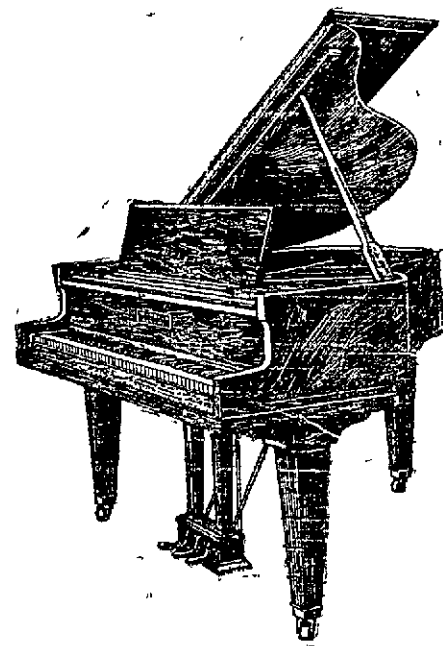
79373	Holy Night, Peaceful Night	35324	In a Clock Store (Descriptive A Hunt in the Forest Fantasie)
A-6169	Nazareth Voice of the Chimes	35335	Ring Out, Wild Bells Christmas Light, Behold
A-2993	Ye Olden Yuletide Hymns Ye Olden Yuletide Hymns	35412	While Shepherds Watched It came upon the Midnight Clear
A-2385	Hark! the Herald Angels Sing Adeste Fideles	35418	The Night Before Christmas The Ginger Bread Boy
A-2790	The Star of the East The Birthday of a King	35594	Angels from the Realms of Glory Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem
A-2789	Christmas—Pumpkin Center Evening—Pumpkin Center	35661	Sing, O Heavens It came Upon the Midnight Clear
A-2800	Kiddies Christmas Frolic Kiddies Christmas Frolic	16286	Silent Night (Gruber) Hayden Quartet
A-2801	Silent Night, Hallowed Night Oh! Holy Night		Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown Hayden Qt.
A-2392	Medley Christmas Carols Medley Christmas Carols	16936	Christmas Morning at Clancey's (Irish Specialty) Steve Porter Clancey's Wooden Wedding (Irish Song) Steve Porter
A-2788	Oh! Come All Ye Faithful Hark! the Herald Angels Sing		

## There are hundreds of homes in Bedford Co.

in which Christmas will be a happier day because we have placed in them a Piano, a Player Piano, a Phonograph or some other one of the many musical instruments we sell. To all the friends we have in these homes and to the many others who will be our friends in the future, as they become our customers, we wish sincerely



A  
Merry  
Christmas

Koontz Music House  
Bedford, Penna.ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF  
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

The undersigned administrator of the estate of Margaret A. Beck, late of Cumberland Valley Township, deceased, by virtue of the order and decree of the Orphan's Court of Bedford County will expose on Thursday, January 12, 1922, at 1.30 p. m. the following described real estate:

All that certain tract of land situate in the Township aforesaid adjoining lands of C. C. Boor, Richard Miller and Thomas Miller and having thereon erected a plank dwelling house and outbuildings.

Terms of sale: One half the purchase price at the time the property is struck off and the balance upon confirmation of the sale and delivery of the deed.

H. C. Miller, Administrator.  
B. F. Madore,  
Attorney.  
Dec. 23, Jan. 6.

WONDERFUL, SAYS  
SCRANTON WOMAN

Was So Run Down She Could Hardly Do Her Housework, But Feels Fine Since Taking Tanlac.

"The very first dose of Tanlac I took helped me, for I felt better after taking it and just kept improving right on," said Mrs. Margaret Pantle, 1030 Beech St., Scranton, Pa. "For nearly a year I couldn't eat a meal without bloating all up with gas until it almost cut off my breath, and often I turned so sick I could hardly retain my food. Much of the time I was so weak I could hardly do any of my housework, and just had to quit and rest. At times I had a nervous blinding headache that put me entirely past going, and my sleep never rested me at night. I lost a great deal of weight, and was in a perfectly awful condition. "Seeing how Tanlac helped others I decided to try it, and it has just proved wonderful for me. I'm eating anything I want now, and my stomach is in perfect condition. My headaches, and, in fact, all my troubles are gone, and I feel like a new person. "I'll always be a friend, and I feel like a new person. I'll always be a friend to Tanlac."—Advertisement.

## DEEDS RECORDED

Marion P. Watkins to John W. Clark, tract in East Providence Twp., \$909.34.  
Elk Tanning Company to M. E. McNeal, tract in Blair and Bedford counties, \$1.00.  
M. E. McNeal to Com. of Pennsylvania, tract in Blair and Bedford counties, \$15203.10.  
William Colvin to John H. Rudy, tract in Napier Twp., \$2750.00.  
John H. Rudy to William Seifert, tract in Napier Twp., \$750.  
Maggie A. Waltz to David F. Workman, lot in Liberty Twp., \$1000.  
Roger Williams to Elwood Williams, 2 lots in Rainsburg Boro., \$150.  
Venie M. Bowser to Winona L. Taylor, lot in Schellburg Boro. \$215.  
David M. Rush to Elsie E. Leasure, lot in Everett Boro., \$3840.  
John R. Stayer to Elsie R. Detwiler, tract in Woodbury Twp., \$11500.  
Howard R. Cook to G. Clinton Uhl, 2 tracts in Londonderry., \$8500.  
G. Clinton Uhl to Augusta L. Logsdon, 2 tracts in Londonderry Twp., \$6500.  
Henry Lillegass to John M. Wagerman, lot in Hyndman Boro., \$770.  
Thomas Imler to Harry F. Custir, tract in East St. Clair and Bedford twps., \$7500.

Krew-Pina  
SALVE  
One thorough application  
draws all the sores over-  
night. At all druggists.  
Sore Throat



**Harold S. Smith Co.**  
Wishes their patrons and  
friends

A Merry Christmas  
and  
A Happy New Year

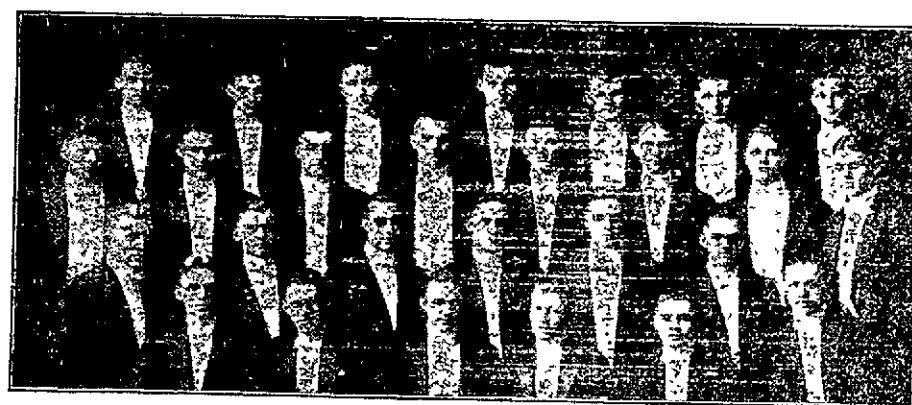
We Heartily Wish Our  
Friends and Patrons and  
Everybody a Merry Christ-  
mas and a Happy and  
Prosperous New Year.

**Bedford Garage**

BUICK

CADILLAC

## ORBELIN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB COMING HERE WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28



The program to be given by the Oberlin College Glee Club has just been announced. It promises to be a great musical treat, and comprises an unusual number of interesting and varied compositions. Some of the most ambitious selections written for male voices, a few simple but delicate solos and clever encores and costumed stunts will make up the entertainment. All who enjoy a good laugh, and who love the beautiful blending of male voices should hear this concert.

The Glee Club travels in a private Pullman car which serves as a home during the entire trip. All meals are served on board, and the Club sleeps as it travels from one city to another.

The itinerary this year extends through Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia. About fifteen concerts will be given during the Christmas vacation.

The Club will arrive here on Tuesday morning, December 27th and will give its Bedford concert that evening in the Assembly Hall at eight o'clock under the auspices of the Bedford Band. Tickets can be procured at Dull's Drug Store, the Koontz Music House, or the Hartley Bank. The price is fifty-five cents including war tax. The chart opens at Dull's for reservations on Tuesday morning, December 27th at eight o'clock.

### CLASSIFIED ADS

When you are in need of building material, sash, shingles, ruberoid roofing, siding, flooring, wall board, commission houses to buy your beaver board phone or call on the Davidson Lumber Co. Don't send to material. Buy it at home and you can see what you are getting—better goods. These men don't pay any money into your churches or Sunday School. It is doubtful if some of them know what the inside of a church looks like.

Davidson Lumber Co.

July 1 to

Join the 1922 Christmas Savings Club now starting at The First National Bank, Bedford, Pa.

GOOD BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Corner store room in Oppenheimer building lately remodelled. Reasonable rent—Desirable for any business.

R. N. Oppenheimer,  
Bedford, Pa.

Aug. 12 to

FOR SALE

4 cylinder Buick car. Apply to Attorney George Points.  
Dec. 23—30.

FOR SALE

Black Percheon stallion known as the Fairview company stallion; also good 4 year old horse and 6 or 8 spring colts foaled last spring.

S. J. Barnes,  
Inglesmith, Pa.

Nov. 25 — Jan 6 \*

Deposit 5 cents or more each week in The New Years Christmas Savings fund now starting at The First National Bank, Bedford and see what a nice sum you will have this time next year.

FOR SALE

One new 3 1/2 ton Bethlehem truck, electrical equipment, retail value \$3975.00, will be sold for \$2300 at Union Garage,  
Bedford, Pa.

Dec. 16—25 \*

MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Schellburg, Pa., for the election of directors to serve for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking house on the second Tuesday of January, 1922, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 11 a. m.

W. C. Keyser,  
Cashier.

Dec. 16—25 Jan. 6

Put your spare change each week in The Christmas Savings Club now starting at The First National Bank, Bedford. Your choice of clubs from five cents to five dollars a week.

RUDE RURAL HYMNS

The Ad On The Fence

I love my country's rock and rills and feign would move from off her hills the billboard ads for liver pills. I love to gaze on some old barn that stands by wood or rock or tarn. I love its curves and graceful lines, its weathered boards from oaks and pines. I love its silo, cribs and mows, its Plymouth Rocks and brindle cows, my farm-born heart with pleasure swells when I inhale its rich, ripe smells. But O I hate to see its back, exposed to road or railway track, in glaring paint give doubtful hope on some one's double-action soap or urge relief from human ills by chewing sixteen horsepower pills. Around you curves the engine scoots, and wayworn travelers press their snouts against the dusty windshields, while tired eyes and weary brains drink in the peace of hills and plains. Forgetting cares and lack of cash, they gaze on fields of succotash. Green growing groves where dryads roost and babbling brooks their spirits boost. To keep these haunts for nymphs and Pan, the bilious billboard let us ban.

Bob Adams.

ELECTION NOTICE

Members of the Friend's Cove Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company are hereby called to meet in their office at Charlesville on Tuesday, January 10, 1922 at 9 a. m. for the purpose of nominating and electing officers for the ensuing year.

D. H. Whetsone,  
Sec'y.

Dec. 23 Jan. 6.

### A DANGEROUS TROUBLE

Bedford People Tell How  
To Act In Time

Kidney diseases are very dangerous. They come on silently, gain ground rapidly, and cause thousands of deaths that could have been prevented by proper treatment in the beginning. Nature gives early warnings of kidney disease—backache, twinges of pain when stooping or lifting, headaches and urinary disorders. If these symptoms are unheeded, there is grave danger of dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills have earned a reputation for their effectiveness in kidney troubles, and are known and recommended the world over. Bedford testimony proves the merit of Doan's Kidney Pills to our readers.

Miss Susie Fletcher, 244 E. Railroad St., Bedford says: "I suffered from a severe case of kidney complaint. I had a heavy, dull ache in my back and sides and was unable to bend or lift. These troubles bothered me more severely when I caught cold. I used Doan's Kidney Pills procured at Dull's Drug Store and soon got relief."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Miss Fletcher had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

M. E. CHURCH

J. V. Royer, Pastor  
Morning Prayer Meeting 6:00;  
Sunday School 9:45; Preaching,  
"The Wise Men", 11:00; Christmas  
Service, 7:30.

Simon H. Sell,  
Solicitor.

Dec. 23—Jan. 6

METHODISTS ORGANIZE

WHITE CROSS

In order that the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in caring for needy children and aged folks may be expanded and made permanent, a Society known as the Pennsylvania White Cross has been organized in Central Pennsylvania Conference. There are 90,358 Methodists on the Church record in the Conference and each one is being asked to become a member of the New Society by the payment of at least one dollar per year membership dues. Each congregation is being canvassed between December 10th and 25th, and with the funds secured it is hoped that the maintenance costs for the Home for the Aged at Tyrone and the Home for Children at Mechanicsburg will be assured for 1922, so that the Centenary fund now being applied to that purpose may be used for permanent building work. The matter of taking care of the children of the Church is one particularly that demands bigger and better facilities immediately.

The White Cross will also give considerable assistance toward providing a minimum salary for more than seventy pastors in the sparsely settled districts in the Conference.

### TWILIGHT ZONE TWIXT LIFE AND DEATH

There is what seems to be a "no man's land" between life and death, a very brief period in which the proper measures may result in resuscitation. And at least some of these resuscitations may be permanent. The Medical Record (New York) quotes some experiments made by Dr. Halluin of Lille and the comments of Dr. Cruchet, editor of the Journal de Medicine (Bordeaux) as follows:

"Halluin has a series of 81 collected cases of death following a surgical operation in which resuscitation methods were tested. In 45 there was total failure. In the other 36 resuscitation was successful for the time, but in 19 cases it was not permanent. The remainder, 17 cases, were all eminently successful. These data are of enormous importance, says Cruchet. For one thing they show the presence of a borderline—a sort of no man's land, during which resuscitation is possible with about an even chance that it will be permanent. But there is danger of a war of words, because some one will say that during this period the man is not yet dead. The comparative brevity of the interval, however, should lay the fears of those who fear inhumation alive.

"From another angle there is apparent distinction between death following an accident and death which is spontaneous. This no man's land—is it also present in death following pneumonia or other acute lethal affections? We know that when death seems inevitable and imminent in an acute illness, the subject is usually allowed to die in peace, and there is no attempt to give nourishment or even to stimulate organs which have apparently lost all ability to respond to treatment.

"No doubt to a layman it would sometimes appear that something more might have been done to prolong life for a few moments; and with life thus extended, who can be certain that something favorable might not have happened in the natural course of events?

"Cruchet states that according to common sense a man is either dead or not dead. During the twenty minutes interval during which resuscitation is possible he is most certainly not dead; therefore he is still alive. But the public will be certain to make much out of this immediate state, and in fancy prolong it to an hour, and then longer.

The general public is warned not to catch this straw with too much hope, for this chance of resuscitation exists only in selected cases of certain diseases, and even if applied in all possible cases would not perceptibly effect the general death rate.

### ST. JOHN'S REFORMED CHURCH

Rev. J. Albert Eyer, Pastor  
Early service Christmas Morning at 6 o'clock. No other service Christmas day until 6:30 P. M. when a Christmas Pageant will be given by the children of the Sunday School. The public cordially invited to both of these services.

### MANGES—MOWRY

There was a mingling of wedding bells and Christmas bells at St. John's Reformed Parsonage Thursday morning, December 22nd when Franklin H. Manges of Mann's Choice, R. D. and Miss Veda M. Mowry, of Mann's Choice, R. D. appeared at the above named place with the necessary papers and smiling faces. Rev. J. Albert Eyer using the ring ceremony of the Reformed church spoke the words which made them man and wife.

### BERKEY—SHULL

Mr. Albert Nevin Berkey, of Shanksville and Miss Iva May Shull, of Point, were united in marriage at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the Lutheran parsonage by the Rev. W. H. B. Carney, D. D.

### FRIEND'S COVE

LUTHERAN PASTORATE  
Rev. J. A. Brosius, Pastor  
Services for Christmas, December 25, 10 a. m.; Rainsburg, 2:30 p. m.

### IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear mother, Laura Belle Souser, who died three years ago, December 17, 1918.  
In silence she suffered,  
In patience she bore;  
Until God called her home  
To suffer no more.  
Sadly missed by husband, daughters, brother, relatives and friends.

### CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

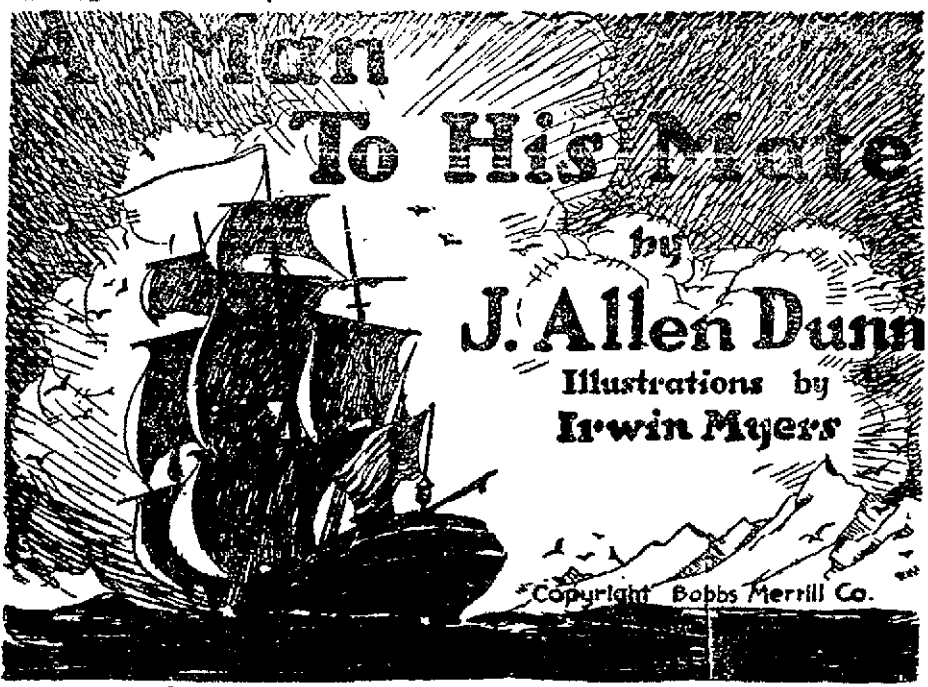
O H. that Christmas in the heart.  
Don't you feel it, don't you know  
All the glory of its spell,  
All the magic of its glow?  
That Christmas joyous stealing  
From your heart a young feast—  
Alone to all hearts the word,  
To all that decks the street!  
Oh, that Christmas in the heart.  
That song that lingers long  
That peace that comes in years,  
And sings—'Joyous! Rejoice!  
That Christmas glory creeping  
From finger tips to toes—  
The music of the world awake,  
And the bells across the snows!

Oh, that Christmas in the heart.  
That you go to have to be  
One with the spirit of the love  
That takes us to Christmas glees:  
That Christmas gladness ringing  
Through every golden year long  
That spirit of the golden power  
That cries, 'I give! I give!'  
—By the Denton Card in Houston Post.

### A Quitter.

Old Santa Claus, that generous soul,  
Creates a jovious elf,  
But hinders homeward to the pole  
Who's come in.





Chapter X (Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XII.

My Mate.

From the day following the arrival and departure of the Japanese gunboat, they attacked the little U-shaped beach that lay between two buttresses of the volcano and sloped sharply down to the sea. Twenty-one men, a lad and a woman, they went at the despoiling of it with a sort of obsession, led, rather than driven, by Lund, who worked among the rest of them like a Hercules.

The men's fancy estimate of a million dollars began speedily to seem small as the work progressed, systematically stripping the rocky floor of all its shingle, foot by foot, and cubic yard by cubic yard, cradling it in crude rockers, fluming it, vaporizing the amalgam of gold and mercury, and adding pound after pound of virgin gold to the sacks in the schooner's strong room.

They worked at first in alternating shifts of four hours, by day and night, under the sun, the moon, the stars and the flaming aurora. The crust was drifted here and there where it had frozen into conglomerate, and exploded by dynamite, carefully placed so as not to dislodge the masses of ice that overhung the schooner. Fires to thaw out the ground were unavailable for sheer lack of fuel; there was no driftwood between these forestless shores. What fuel could be spared was conserved for use under the boilers that melted ice to provide water for the cradles and flumes, and help to cook the meals that Tamada prepared out-of-doors for the workers.

Buckets of coffee, stews, and thick soups of peas and lentils, masses of beans with plenty of fat pork, these were what they craved after hours of tremendous endeavor. Despite the cold, they sweated profusely at their tasks stripping off over-garments as they picked and shoveled or crow-barred out the rich gravel.

Through all of it Lund was supreme as working superintendent. There was no job that he could not, did not, handle better than any two of them, and though Rainey could see a shrinkage, or a compression, of his bulk, as day by day he called upon it for heroic service, he never seemed to tire. "Got to keep 'em at it," he would say in the cabin. "No time to lose, an' the odds all against us, in a way. Barring Luck. That's what we got to count on, but we don't want them thinkin' that. If the weather don't break—an' break just right—as soon as we've cleaned up, we're stung. Though I'll blast a way out of this shore ice, if it comes to the worst. I saved out some dynamite on purpose."

With Lund handling all of the men as a unit, it was not long before the shovels began to scrape on the bare rock that underlay the gravel at tide edge, and work swiftly back to the end of the U. The outdoors kitchen had been established on top of the promontory between the schooner and the beach, a primitive arrangement of big pots slung from tripods over fires kindled on a flat area that was partly sheltered from the sea and the prevailing winds by outcrops of weathered lava.

At dawn the men trooped from the schooner to be fed and warned, and then they flung themselves at their task. The more they got out the more there was in it for them. But Lund was their overlord, their better, and they knew it. Only Deming worked with one hand the handle of the force bellows, or fed the fires, and sneered.

On the fifteenth day, with the work better than half done, with more than a ton of actual gold in colors, that ranged from flour dust to nuggets, in the strong-room, the weather began to change. It misted continually, and Lund, rejoicing, prophesied the breaking up of the cold snap.

By the eighteenth day a regular Chinook was blowing, melting the sharper outlines of the icy crags and pinnacles, and providing streams of moisture that, in the nights now gradually growing longer, glazed every yard of rock with peril.

The men worked in a muck with their rubber sea-boots worn out by constant chafing, sweaters torn, the blades of their shovels reduced by the work demanded of them, the drills, shortened by steady sharpening, gone like the spare flesh of the laborers, who, at last, began to show signs of quicker and quicker exhaustion with occasional mutterings of discontent, while Lund, intent upon cleaning off the rock as a dentist cleans a crumbling tooth, coaxed and cursed, blanded and praised and bullied, and

did the actual work of three of them. Dead with fatigue, filled with food, drowsy from the liberal grog allowance at the end of the day, the men slept in a torpor every night and showed less inclination to respond, though the end of their labors was almost in sight.

"What's the use, we got enough," was the comment beginning to be heard more and more frequently. "Lund, he's got more'n he can spend in a lifetime!"

Rainey could not trace these mutterings to Deming's instigation, but he suspected the hunter. There was no poker; all hands were too tired for play.

As for Peggy Simms, she did not lose the polish of her culture, she was always feminine, even dainty at times, despite her work, that could not help but be coarse to a certain extent. She was full of vigor, she showed unexpected strength, she was a source of encouragement to the men as she waited on them. And also a source of undisguised admiration, all of which she shed as a duck sheds water.

Rainey gained an increasing respect in her prowess, and a swift conversion to the equality of the sexes. There were times when he doubted his own equality. Had she met him on his own ground, in his own realm of what he considered vaguely as culture, he would have known a mastery that he now lacked. As it was, she averaged higher, and she had an attraction of sex that was compelling.

Here was a girl who would demand certain standards in the man with whom she would mate, not merely accompany through life. There were times when Rainey felt irresistibly the charm of her as a woman, longed for her in the powerful sex reactions that inevitably follow hard labor. There were times when he felt that she did not consider that he measured up to her gauges, and he would strive to change the atmosphere, to dominate the situation in which Lund was the greater figure of the two men.

Lund was centered on one achievement, the gold harvest. He ordered the girl with the rest; there were even times when he reprimanded her, while Rainey burned with the resentment she apparently did not share.

A little before dawn on the eighteenth day of the work up the beach, Lund was out upon the ice examining the condition of the ice. He had declared that two days more of hard endeavor would complete their labors. What dirt remained at the end of that time they would transship. Rainey had joined the girl and Tamada at the cook fires.

The sky was bright with the aurora borealis that would pale before the sun. The men were not yet out of their hanks. They were bone and muscle tired, and Rainey doubted whether Lund, gaunt and lean himself, could set two days of top work of them. Near the fires for the cooking, the melting of water and the forge, that were kept glowing all night, the tools were stacked to help preserve their temper.

The aurora quivered in varying incandescence as Rainey watched Lund prodding at the floe ice with a steel bar. The girl was busy with the coffee, and Tamada was compounding two pots of stew and bubbling peas pudding for the breakfast, food for heat and muscle making.

Sandy appeared on deck and came swiftly over the side of the vessel and up the worn trail to the fires. He showed excitement, Rainey fancied, sure of it as the lad got within speaking distance.

"Where is Mr. Lund?" he panted. Rainey pointed to Lund, now examining a crack that had opened up in the floe, a possible line of exit for the Karluk, later on. The men were beginning to show on the schooner. They, too, he noted somewhat idly, acted differently this morning. Usually they were sluggish until they had eaten, sleepy and indifferent until the coffee stimulated them, and Lund took up this stimulus and fanned it to a flame of work. This morning they walked differently, abnormally active. "They're drunk, an' they're goin' on strike," said Sandy. "You know the big demijohn in the lazaretto?" Rainey nodded. It was a two-handled affair holding five gallons, a reserve supply of strong rum from which Lund dispensed the grog allowances and stimulations for extra work toward the end of the shift, the night-caps and occasional rewards.

booze. The hunters are sober. Deming ain't on this. They did it on their own. I don't know how they got it. I didn't get it for 'em, sir. They must have worked plumb through the hold an' got to it that way."

"All right, Sandy. Thanks, Mr. Lund can handle them, I guess. He's coming now."

The men had got to the ice, hidden from Lund, who was walking to the Karluk on the opposite side of the vessel. The seamen were gesticulating freely; the sound of their voices came up to him where he stood, tinged with a new freedom of speech, rough, confident, menacing. As they climbed the trail their legs betrayed them and confirmed the boy's story. Behind them came the four hunters, with Hansen, walking apart, watching the sailors with a certain gravity that communicated itself despite the distance.

Lund showed at the far rail of the schooner with his bar. He glanced toward the men going to work, went below, and came up with a sweater. He had left the bar behind him in the cabin, where it was used for a stove poker.

The men filed by Rainey, their faces flushed and their eyes unusually bright. They seemed to share a prime joke that wanted to bubble up and over, yet held a restraint upon themselves that was eased by digs in one another's ribs, in laughs when one stumbled or hiccupped.

But Hansen was stolid as ever, and the hunters had evidently not shared the stolen liquor. Only Deming's eyes roved over the group of men as they gathered round for their cups and pannikins of food. He seemed to be calculating what advantage he could gain out of this unexpected happening.

Peggy Simms, under cover of pouring the coffee, sweetened heavily with condensed milk, found time to speak to Rainey.

"They're all drunk," she said. "Not all of them. Here comes Lund. He'll handle it."

Lund seemed still pondering the problem of the floe. At first he did not notice the condition of the sailors. Then he apparently ignored it. But, after they had eaten, he talked to all the men.

"Two more days of it, lads, and we're through. The beach is high cleared. We can git out of the floe 'o blue water easy enough, an' we'll git a good start on the patrol-ship. We'll go back with full pockets an' heavy ones. The shares'll be half as large again as we've figgered. I wouldn't wonder if they averaged sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars apiece."

Rainey had picked out a black-bearded Finn as the leader of the sailors in their debauch. The liquor seemed to have unchained in him a spirit of revolt that bordered on insolence. He stood with his bowed legs apart, mitted hands on hips, staring at Lund with a covert grin.

Next to Lund he was the biggest man aboard. With the rum giving an unusual co-ordination to his usually sluggish nervous system, he promised to be a source of trouble.

Rainey was surprised to see him shrug his shoulders and lead the way to the beach. Perhaps breakfast had sobered them, though the fumes of liquor still clung cloudily on the air.

Lund went down, with Rainey beside him, reporting Sandy.

"Til work it out of 'em," said Lund. "That booze'll be an expensive luxury to 'em, paid for in hard labor."

They found the men ranged up in three groups. Deming and Beale, against custom, had gone down to the beach. They were supposed to help clean the food utensils, and aid Tamada after a meal, besides replenishing the fires.

They stood a little away from the hunters and Hansen and the sailors. The Finn, talking to his comrades in a low growl, was with a separate group.

There was an air of defiance manifest, a feeling of suspense in the tiny valley, backed by the frowning cone, ribbed by the two icy promontories. Lund surveyed them sharply.

"What in h—s the matter with you?" he barked. "Hansen, send up a man for the drills an' shovels. Yore work's laid out; hop to it!"

"We ain't goin' to work no more," said the Finn aggressively. "Not fo' no sich wage like you give."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" mocked Lund. He was standing with Rainey in the middle of the space they cleared of gravel, the seamen lower down the beach, nearer the sea, their ranks compacted. "Why, you booze-bitten, lousy hunky, what in h— do you want? You never saw twenty dollars in a lump you c'd call yore own for more'n ten minits. You boardin'-house loafer an' the rest of you scum 'o the seven seas, git yore shovels an' git to diggin', or I'll put you ashore in San Francisco flat broke, an' glad to leave the ship, at that. Jump!"

The Finn snarled, and the rest stood firm. Not one of them knew the real value of their promised share. Money represented only counters exchanged for lodging, food and drink enough to make them sadden before they had spent even their usual wages. Then they would wake to find the rest gone, and throw themselves upon the selfish bounty of a boarding-house keeper.

But they had seen the gold, they had handled it, and they were inflamed by a sense of what it ought to do for them. Perhaps half of them could not add a simple sum, could not grasp figures beyond a thousand, at most. And the sight of so much gold had made it, in a manner, cheap. It was there, a heap of it, and they wanted more of that shining heap than had been promised them.

"You talk big," said the Finn. "Look my hands." He showed palms calloused, split, swollen lumps of chi-

blained flesh worn down and stiffened "I bin seaman, not navy." Lund turned to the hunters. "You in on this?" he asked. Deming and Beale moved off. Two of the others joined them. "Neutral?" sneered Lund. "I'll remember that." Hansen and the two remaining came over beside Lund and Rainey. "Five of us," said Lund. "Five



Lund's Face Turned Dark With a Burst of Rage That Exploded in Voice and Action.

men against twelve fo'c'sle rats. I'll give you two minits to start work." "You talk big with yore gun in pocket," said the Finn. "Me good man as you enny day."

Lund's face turned dark with a burst of rage that exploded in voice and action.

"You think I need my gun, do ye, you pack of rats? Then try it on without it."

His hand slid to his holster inside his heavy coat. His arm swung, there was a streak of gleaming metal in the lifting sun-rays, flying over the heads of the seamen. It plunked in the free water beyond the ice.

"Come on," roared Lund, "or I'll rush you to the first bath you've had in five years." The Finn lowered his head, and charged; the rest followed their leader. The hot food had steeled their motive control to a certain extent, they were firmer on their feet, less vague of eye, but the crude alcohol still fumed in their brains. Without it they would never have answered the Finn's call to rebellion.

He had promised, and their drunken minds believed, that refusing in a mass to work would automatically halt things until they got their "rights." They had not expected an open fight. The spur of alcohol had thrust them over the edge, given them a swifter flow of their impoverished blood, a temporary confidence in their own prowess, a mock valor that answered Lund's contemptuous challenge.

Lund, thought Rainey, had done a fool-hardy thing in tossing away his gun. It was magnificent, but it was not war. Pure bravado! But he had scant time for thinking. Lund tossed him a scrap of advice. "Keep movin'! Don't let 'em crowd you!" Then the fight was joined.

The girl leaned out from the promontory to watch the tourney. Tamada, impassive as ever, tended his fires. Sandy crept down to the beach, drawn despite his will, and shuffled in and out, irresolute, too weak to attempt to mix in, but excited, eager to help.

Deming, Beale and the two neutral hunters, stood to one side, waiting, perhaps, to see which way the fight went, reserves for the apparent victor.

The Finn, best and biggest of the sailors, rushed for Lund, his little eyes red with rage, crazy with desire to make good his boast that he was as good as Lund. In his barbaric way he was somewhat of a dancer, and his legs were as lissome as his arms. He leaped, striking with fists and feet.

Lund met him with a fierce uppercut, short-traveled, sent from the hip. His enormous hand, bunched to a knucky lump of stone, knocked the Finn over, lifting him, before he fell with his nose driven in, its bone shattered, his lips broken like overripe fruit, and his discolored teeth knocked out.

He landed on his back, rolling over and over, to lie still, half stunned, while two more sprang for Lund.

Lund roared with surprise and pain as one caught his red beard and swung to it, smiting and kicking. He wrapped his left arm about the man, crushing him close up to him, and, as the other came, diving low, butting at his solar plexus, the giant gripped him by the collar, using his own impetus, and brought the two skulls together with a thud that left them stunned.

The two dropped from Lund's relaxed arms like sacks, and he stepped over them, alert, poised on the balls of his feet, letting out a shout of triumph, while he looked about him for his next adversary.

# MOST CONCERN IS CAUSED BY CHINA

CONFERENCE WORKING ON PLAN FOR THE OPEN DOOR WITH EQUAL PRIVILEGES.

## JAPAN SHOULD BE SATISFIED

She Would Have Special Trade Opportunities With Her Neighbor—How Bland, Balfour and Others Appear in the Conference.

By EDWARD B. CLARK

Washington.—China, much more than limitation of armament or any other subject to come before the great international conference, has been and, in some measure, still is the most upstanding rock of trouble in the course of peaceful conference settlements.

Today it seems as if the Chinese questions are to be answered to the satisfaction, or at any rate to the seeming satisfaction, of the nations of the world. Japan, of course, is most vitally interested in the outcome of the negotiations as they affect China, for Japan always has intimated that she ought to have some kind of a "Monroe doctrine right" in the eastern seas.

Under the present plan, as proposed, by members of the international conference, the intention is to keep China's doorway open, with equal privileges for all the national traders. The Japanese interests, it is said, will be cared for adequately. This presumably will satisfy Japan and will make for peace in the conference and for future peace in the world.

The expected has happened so far as preliminary plans to settle the Chinese question are concerned. Secretary Hughes has taken occasion to intimate that Japan should be satisfied with the open-door proposal, because she is "on the threshold" of the doorway.

### Equal Privileges in China.

It has been possible prior to this time to give a forecast of this plan, coupled with the statement that it probably would be agreeable to the Japanese. What has been written before is entirely pertinent to the situation today. The extract of explanation of what was to come is as follows: "Equal privileges for trade with China does not mean at all that some one will not have special privileges. This sounds like a contradiction, but it is no contradiction. It is believed that the Japanese will be entirely agreeable to the equal privileges proposal and readily will lend their sanction."

"Equal trade opportunities for all nations with China means, of course, that each nation will have the right to trade freely and under the same conditions as all other nations. But other things enter into the matter—geographical position, which means much; an understanding of the Chinese temperament and an understanding, also, of Chinese conditions."

"Japan is a close neighbor of China. The Japanese are Asiatics. Their position on the map, the quickness with which they can reach sources of supplies in China, and some other things will give to Japan special trade privileges in China which other nations cannot enjoy, although the words 'equal privileges' may be written into any agreement."

Naturally there will be objections to some of the proposals as they affect China. The Japanese will seek more than it is intended to give them, but there is nothing today to show that eventually Japan's representatives will not accept the proposals which have been made and which, in some measure, are the offerings of China itself.

### Oratory of the Conference.

The speaking methods of Briand and Balfour are as unlike as the languages in which they express their thoughts. Briand is dramatic, while Balfour is not. Each after his own manner makes his way into the minds of the listeners.

Briand is dramatic, but with his oratory seemingly running fast, and with his gestures keeping pace with them, he separates his words so markedly that the American book student of French can understand him. This makes it pleasant for those of us who can read French fairly easily, but who ordinarily cannot get a word in the rapid-fire replies of a Frenchman to questions put in the timid and hesitating manner of a man who is trying to remember his genders and his tenses.

Balfour literally gropes for words at times. He gets close to the end of a sentence and then seemingly cannot pick the word with which he wants to end it. About three words before the end he puts his hands in the air with the fingers arranged for a clutching process. Finally after three or four genuinely English "ers" he discovers the lair of the word that he wants, pulls it forth, brings it down, and gives it utterance.

Balfour, however, holds his auditors. It has become a game with his hearers to try to fix in advance on the word for which he gropes. Sometimes the audience hits it right, and sometimes wrong; generally wrong, however, for when the British statesman finally finds his word it frequently proves to be an unusual synonym for the word which the audience thinks he is after.

### Interpreter Came Back's Methods

A good deal has been written about Balfour, but the real continuing joy of the conference is the interpreter,

M. Camerlynck. He is, in his own way, the greatest orator in the conference, albeit he orates in the words of others and immediately following their utterance, M. Camerlynck takes the French down in shorthand and then delivers it in English from his shorthand notes. He does the thing also in reverse and each process seemingly is equally easy.

Mr. Balfour makes no gestures except the groping one, but M. Camerlynck when translating Balfour supplies gestures on his own account. Balfour, when listening, recognizes his translated words, but he does not recognize anything else.

Briand is much amused, for he plainly shows amusement, as he watches Interpreter Camerlynck repeat in English the French premier's addresses. Camerlynck has the Briand manner to a T. He would make a good actor of the kind which clings close to the traditions of the great masters of the acting craft. He is the chiefest of the copiers. In his capacity as translator at many conferences he has watched men speak. It is perhaps unconsciously that he doubles up their manners as he doubles up their words.

### Kato Eloquent but Not Flowery.

Baron Kato, the Japanese admiral, is an orator, but there are no flowers in his oratory. He speaks like a Japanese three-pounder gun, true sailor-like and, if you will, soldier-like. He speaks in Japanese. All that one who does not understand a word of the language can tell is that the admiral is pounding something home and that he means what he says. He has an interpreter with him, one of the few Japanese present at the conference who understands the shades of meaning of the American language. The interpreter also pounds like a field gun when translating. He gives the admiral's spirit as he gives the admiral's words.

The British, the French, the Japanese and the other representatives of foreign powers here assembled have had some little instruction apparently from the American State department concerning their dealings with Washington correspondents. They have been told that they can say anything that they wish to the men who are stationed here as continuing correspondents, and can say it with every assurance that they will not be quoted and that their information will not be used if they declare in advance that it is to be taken as confidential.

The result of this is that the British have foregone their habit of reticence and talk freely. The Japanese have been free enough with information from the first. They are becoming voluble.

The French seem to feel that they are assured of sympathetic treatment in America, and the result is that they are more liberal with information, perhaps, than the others. The Italians follow the French closely in this matter of communicativeness.

### Poison Gases and Airplanes.

Poison gases and airplanes are two of the chief factors in the problem of the limitation of armament. So far as the airplanes are concerned, the use of them in war is so bound up with their use for commercial purposes, in peace that limitation of development probably will be impossible. An airplane that is serviceable under all conditions for commercial purposes is serviceable for most conditions in war.

Everybody connected with the conference knows that poison gas has come to stay. It is possible, of course, that its use in warfare may be prohibited, but it is known, because of the necessities of the commercial case, that experiments in chemistry will go on, and that hand in hand with them will go the study of the production of poison gases which can be used in war.

The conferees lay stress upon defense as opposed to offense. No one has suggested that a nation divest itself of enough of its armor to prevent its taking care of itself in case it is attacked. In the words of Banty Tim, "You can resoloot till the cows come home," but "resolootin" will not prevent some nation or other from breaking its word in wartime if it is given to word-breaking.

### Fries and West Write a Book.

On the advisory committee of the American board of delegates is the chief of the chemical warfare service of the United States army, Brig. Gen. Amos A. Fries. The views of General Fries and of Major Clarence J. West of the reserve corps, a chemist of high standing, have been made known on the general subject of poison gas, and its uses. In fact, the two have just written and published an extraordinarily interesting book called "Chemical Warfare," with a foreword written by Maj. Gen. William L. Sibert, U. S. A. (Retired), who was the first director of the chemical warfare service during the war. General Fries was the chief of the same service in the American expeditionary forces during the war.

There seems to be a wide public interest just now in poison gases. The conference in Washington, it is known, shares the general public interest in the matter.

Concerning the future of chemical warfare, it has been said by General Fries, in his book on the subject: "While some of the chemicals developed for use in war prior to the armistice have been made known to the world, a number of others have not. More than this, every nation of first-class importance has continued to pursue, more or less energetically, studies into chemical warfare. These studies will continue, and we must expect that new gases, new methods of turning them loose, and new tactical uses will be developed."



# Christmas

WHEN ma begins to tiptoe round  
'Nn we begin to hear  
A certain hushy, whisp'rin' sound  
About this time o' year,  
We know that she'n Santa Claus  
Are fixin' things to do  
'Nn so we never peep, because  
They never want us to.

When all the seats in Sunday school  
Are filled with girls and boys  
'Nn no one ever breaks a rule  
'R makes a bit o' noise,  
We know it can't be very long  
'Till Santy will appear  
'Nn pass his presents to the throng  
That comes but once a year.

When Aunt Malindy comes and bring  
The children 'n the bird,  
'Nn she 'en makes popcorn strings  
We never say a word.  
But anybody orter see  
That she has come to stay  
'Til time to have the Christmas tree  
Which can't be far away.

—King's Messenger.

# When Santa Came

WHEN Santa came in distant days  
And wistfully I watched his ways,  
The garden path with frosty lace,  
The drooping eaves, the fireplace—  
I found him by the glowing blaze.

He lingered 'neath the cedar sprays  
He smiled and mocked my childish gaze,  
A calm, benign and cheery face—  
When Santa came.

I see him now as through a haze,  
Unchanged as when with joy he'd raise  
My cheek to kiss with gentle grace—  
In him a kindness I trace  
A heart that sang with love and praise—  
When Santa came.

## Home for Christmas

OUR hearts are all a-flutter, our faces all aglow,  
The weather doesn't matter, it may rain or it may snow;  
Dad and mammy, lad and lassie, and we babies laugh in glee  
At the battle of the students, listening to the old roof-tree—  
All going home for Christmas.

And the old folks in the home nest, be it cot or mansion wide,  
Thru open door sending welcome, on the flood of Christmastide,  
To kith and kin and sometimes stranger, for this day of merry cheer,  
Kept in hope and faith and loving, this one day in every year—  
All welcome home for Christmas.

'Tis the birthtime of the Christ-child, we have kept two thousand years;  
'Tis the glory of his life work shining thru a mist of tears,  
'Tis the fragrance of the blue that has come across the sea;  
'Tis the love we bear our brother that brings peace to you and me,  
Till we all go home for Christmas.

M. D. N., in Wallace's Farmer.

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT

ALL day the children dear did play  
With toys that came from Santa's sleigh  
From Noah's Ark,  
Until quite dark  
The beasts were ranged, all two by two,  
Each doll and game  
Had grown quite lame—  
Young folks were tired, grown folk, too  
Then nursery floor  
Knew wild uproar,  
Clown threw a ball at Teddy Bear,  
It smacked the bisque doll's face so fair,  
Stuffed monkey set balloons all free,  
They bumped the ceiling, sad to see,  
Jack-in-the-box ate candy, too,  
And nuts and raisins, not a few,  
The rag doll called for ice cream plump,  
The parrot screamed: "I want a drink,"  
This cannot sound quite sane or right—  
The children's dream on Christmas night.

—Philadelphia Record.

## CHRISTMAS

LOW in the east, against a white,  
cold dawn,  
The black-lined silhouette of woods  
was drawn,  
And on the wintry waste  
Of frosted streams and hillside bare  
and brown,  
Through thin cloud-films a pallid  
ghost looked down,  
The waning moon half-faced!

In that pale sky and sere, snow-  
waiting earth,  
What sign was there of the immor-  
tal birth.

What herald of this one?  
Lo! swift as thought the heavenly  
radiance came,  
A rose-red splendor swept the sky  
like flame,  
Up rolled the round, bright sun!

And all was changed. From a trans-  
figured world  
The moon's ghost fled, the smoke of  
home-hearth's curled  
Up the still air unblown.  
In Orient warmth and brightness,  
did that morn  
O'er Nain and Nazareth when  
Christ was born,  
Break fairer than our own?

The morning's promise noon and  
eve fulfilled  
In warm, soft sky and landscape  
hazy-killed  
And sunset fair as they;  
A sweet reminder of His holiest  
time,  
A summer miracle in our winter  
clime,  
God gave a perfect day.

The near was blended with the old  
and far,  
And Bethlehem's hillside and the  
Magi's star  
Seemed here as there and then—  
Our homestead pine tree was the  
Syrian palm,  
Our heart's desire, the angel's mid-  
night palm,  
Peace, and good will to men!  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## Old Christmas Returned

ALL you that to feasting and mirth are  
inclined,  
Come, here is good news for to pleasure  
your mind,  
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,  
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse;  
Then come boys and welcome for diet the  
chief,  
Plum pudding, goose, capon, mince pies and  
roast beef.

—Old Carol.

## Holy Night

Silent night! Holy night!  
All things sleep save the bright  
And most holy adorable pair,  
Holy Child, with ringletted hair,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds first saw the light;  
Midst the angels' Hallelujah  
Loud resounds from far and near,  
Christ, the Saviour, is here,  
Christ, the Saviour, is here.

Silent night! Holy night!  
Son of God, Ah! how bright  
Smiles Thy love on heavenly host!  
'Tis the first Salvation Morn!  
Christ, the Saviour, is here!  
Christ, the Saviour, is here!

## WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

THE hand of the world seems cold,  
The heart of the world seems cold,  
Of selfish schemes seem all its dreams  
And its only goal seems gold.  
Yet whenever Christmas comes,  
The world the mask removes  
From the tender part of its kind, true heart,  
And we learn how much it loves.  
We see it's a good old world  
Which only plays a game;  
Though it loves the race and it keeps  
the peace,  
It is tender all the same.  
Though it struggles hard to win,  
The dream in its heart is sweet;  
And on Christmas Day it's glad to lay  
The prize at its Saviour's feet.

—LEE SHIPPEY in Leslie's.

## Blackstrap.

Blackstrap is a low-grade sugar cane molasses. At one time it was generally discarded in sugar refining, but is now used not only as an appetizer and tonic for stock feeding, but is included as a regular ingredient of mixed rations, being a food of the carbohydrate class.

## A Daughter of the Frontier

By FREDERICK CLARKE.

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A fairer picture Burt Dawson fancied he had never seen, and for a minute or two he paused, screened by the leafy verdure. A girl, tall, fair, had filled her pitcher at the spring. Ere she took it up to carry it to the house, two hundred yards distant, she stood looking into the face of the radiant sunset.

Her eye brightened as young Dawson stepped into view.

"I start on my mission in the morning," he said. "It will seem a lonely jaunt, more of a wilderness than ever after the beautiful days I have passed in this haven of rest."

"My uncle has told me," said Eloise, and paused there and a faint film seemed to dim those beautiful eyes and a quiver crossed her face. "He fears you are taking a dangerous risk, and I—"

Again she paused. Her glance dropped as Burt approached nearer. He had taken her shapely hand.

"And you?" he intimated gently, and his tones carried a tremulous thrill.

"I hope I have not brought you trouble," she said wistfully. "I wish that you would not undertake this perilous mission."

Her hands began to tremble, and she placed them pleadingly upon his arm. The tears came into her eyes.

His arm crept about her as she lifted her glance. She could not help but read the earnest lovelight in his honest eyes.

"Don't go," she whispered. "Oh, for my sake—let me go! I dare not—"

In amazement Burt felt her tear herself from his clasp, saw her dart towards the house like a hunted, frightened bird. Then he gave a quick start. Weaving his way in and out of the dense underbrush, he made out a skulking form.

Burt had been sent by the engineering firm employing him to inspect the district in conjunction with a new irrigation and railroad project. He had arrived at the border town of Elfield, Okla., one week previous.

It was necessary for him to make inquiries there before he prosecuted his journey. He had been directed to Mr. Treherne, the uncle of Eloise, who was acquainted through the entire section. He had found him to be a former itinerant preacher, but now living some miles from town and engaged in a small cooperage business.

He and his niece led the truly simple life. Burt had become their welcome guest; the days had drifted on pleasantly.

One evening, however, Burt had a foretaste of the people he was destined to meet if he continued on his journey.

Another uncle of Eloise, named John Rivers, accompanied by one Jeff Wadhams, came down from "the bad lands." Rivers was voluble in his demand that his niece should spend part of her time at his home over the border. Burt even surmised that it was Jeff Wadhams who was urging him to this. The eyes of the desperado told that he sought Eloise as a life partner. Very clearly Mr. Treherne told his brother-in-law that his demand would not be granted.

At eleven o'clock that night Burt was aroused from his sleep. It was Treherne, who told him to get up and dress. Then he led him out through the house into the stout log workshop over the river, where he did his rude cooperage tasks.

Eloise was there. She stood at the one window of the place with a rifle in her hand, looking every inch an intrepid daughter of the frontier. In some amazement Burt glanced out. Mounted on horses, armed, some of them bearing torches, were twenty men. Jeff Wadhams was their leader.

"What do you want here?" demanded Mr. Treherne, going to the window, and Jeff came forward.

"We want a man calling himself Dawson and an engineer," he responded. "We have information that he is a spy, a disguised detective, and we are going to string him up. This isn't your business, Treherne. Deliver him up."

"I want time to consider," spoke Mr. Treherne, and his face was grim, and Eloise kept watch and ward at the window.

"Mr. Dawson," said Treherne, "there is just one way to escape, but you must do what I say and act quickly. I shall barrel you up, with a hammer and chisel, drop you into the river and you will float away while these men are wasting their time here."

"And leave Eloise to be carried away by that ruffian outside?" cried Burt. "I will die fighting, first!"

The old man was silent. He studied the face of his guest keenly.

"You love her?" he asked.

"More than my own life!" responded Burt fervently.

"Then"—slowly, solemnly—"make her your wife. Those ruffians then dare not molest her."

A barefooted bride—how strange! The hasty marriage ceremony—how thrilling! And then, at the insistence of those two who now had a claim upon him, Burt consented to be "barreled up."

Thirty minutes later, half a mile down the stream, Burt Dawson, safe from pursuit, broke his way out of the barrel in which he had taken a strange, sensational voyage.

Two hours later, with a posse gathered at Elfield, he was back at the old house by the river to disperse the baffled outlaw group and claim his fair, barefooted bride.

# Uncle Walt's Story

Walt Mason

## THE USE OF SICKNESS

"HERE is the most wonderful book ever offered the public," said the agent with enthusiasm. "It is entitled 'Psychology and Disease,' and every page has an astounding revelation. When this book is universally read and understood, there won't be any disease in the world."

"Which is equivalent to saying that when the pigs are flying, a man with the rheumatism will get a job as a contortionist," said Mrs. Curfew. "I have listened to agents for many years, and have heard all kinds of silly talk, but yours is the worst yet. You can't convince me that the day will ever come when a man with the jumping rheumatism, such as my husband is afflicted with, can sit down and cure himself by reading a book, even if the book is endorsed by congressmen and justices of the peace and other dignitaries without number."

"If disease ever is banished from the world, I have no doubt that something worse will come to take its place. I believe that everything in this world is here for a good purpose, even if it doesn't look that way at first glance."

"Early this spring there was an epidemic of measles in this neighborhood, and of course my little granddaughter had to come to visit me. She never comes when the health conditions are all that could be desired, but just as sure as there is smallpox or seven year itch or some other contagious disease rampant, that angel child comes to spend a few days with her beloved grandmother, and she catches everything there is going."

"She hadn't been here two days before she was down sick. She had more measles than I ever saw in one collection before, and her face was a sight to be seen. I was inclined to murmur and repine, for I was just down with my housecleaning and was so tired I felt as though I'd like to lie down and sleep for six months, and there I was with a sick child in the house, and I was to be up night and day seeing that she didn't catch cold, for if a child catches cold when she has that disease, some of the measles are sure to strike in, and then she goes blind or loses her hearing or becomes an idiot."

"I was complaining to Mr. Curfew, and saying harsh, bitter things, when a boy came to the door with a telegram. It was from Cousin Susan, and she said she was coming on the night train with her three children to spend a week with me. She invites herself that way about once a year, and I always dread her coming, for her children are holy terrors, and there is no peace where they are."

"I never had a good excuse for heading Cousin Susan off before, and she had become a nightmare to me. But on that occasion I had an excuse all ready made. I sent back a telegram saying that my granddaughter was in the house with an aggravated attack of measles, and the house was quarantined, and a policeman with a sawed-off shotgun was guarding the approaches to the house. Of course I didn't use exactly those words, but that was the meaning of my dispatch, and Cousin Susan had to take her offspring and unload them on her Aunt Maria, who had never suffered a visitation of that sort before."

"This shows that diseases have their use, and even a few measles in the house are a wellspring of pleasure, when we regard them properly, with a determination to realize our blessings. So I have no use for any book that shows how to abolish diseases, and now must disperse, for I have a hundred things to do."

Arabs Suffer From Famine. "The Drinkers of Sunshine," as the Arab shepherds call themselves, are on the verge of starvation throughout Algeria, and unless wheat is imported from America it may have nothing but sunshine as a steady diet during the winter.

The threatening famine is the result of a year's drought. Seventy-five per cent of the sheep in Algeria have died as a result of the drought, and the Arab "Drinkers of Sunshine," dreamers and philosophers, incapable of any work but that of guarding their flocks, are in dire straits.

Out of Date Now. "Did you hear what that young woman said?" "No. What was it?" "She told the young fellow with her that she 'just loved to cook.'" "Ah! An old-fashioned girl. She's using the 'vamping' methods popular twenty years ago."

To Be Expected. Bob—"Don't you weigh more than you did?" Belle—"A bit. I started at nine and a half pounds."—Boston Globe.

# IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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## LESSON FOR DECEMBER 25

### CHRISTMAS LESSON—THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 2:1-12.  
GOLDEN TEXT—And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh.—Matt. 2:11.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Wise Men Visit the Baby Jesus.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Wise Men and the Star.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The First Christmas.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Most Joyous Day in the Year.

### 1. The King Earnestly Sought (vv. 1, 2).

These Wise Men who sought Jesus were either Arabian or Persian astrologers—students of the stars. The appearance of an unusual star attracted their attention. Perhaps they were acquainted with the famous prophecy of Balaam (Num. 24:17). Doubtless through the influence of the Jews who remained in Chaldea, or the direct influence of Daniel extending to this time, they had become acquainted with the hope of a Messiah. The light they had was dim, but they lived up to the best they had. To those who act upon the best light they have, God always gives more. To those who refuse to act upon the knowledge given, God not only refuses to give more, but brings into confusion that which they already possess (Matt. 25:28). These men were really wise. Let us learn from them:

1. That all true wisdom leads to the Savior, for He is the Logos—the fullness of wisdom.

2. That God's Word shall not return unto him void (Isa. 55:11). The seeds cast upon the waters of the East brought forth fruit after many days. No work done for the Lord eventually fails.

3. The grace of God calls men from unexpected quarters. Some who have the least opportunities give the greatest honors to Christ; while others, blessed with the richest opportunities, shut Him out.

### 11. Herod Seeking to Kill the King (vv. 3-8).

The news brought by the Wise Men struck terror to Herod's heart. He was not alone in this, for all Jerusalem was troubled with him. The news ought to have brought joy. A glimpse at the social customs in and about Jerusalem at that day will enable us to understand why this news brought uneasiness to the people. They were living in the greatest luxury. Fine dresses, sumptuous feasts, fine houses, etc., led to gross immoralities. They did not want a Savior who would save them from their sins—they wanted to continue in them. Herod demanded of the priests and scribes information as to where Christ should be born. They soon were able to tell him. These people had a technical knowledge of the Scriptures, but had no heart for the Savior set forth therein. They had no disposition to seek Him. This all occurred in Jerusalem, the city of the King—the place of all places where He should have been welcomed. It seems where the greatest privileges are, there is the greatest indifference shown as to spiritual matters.

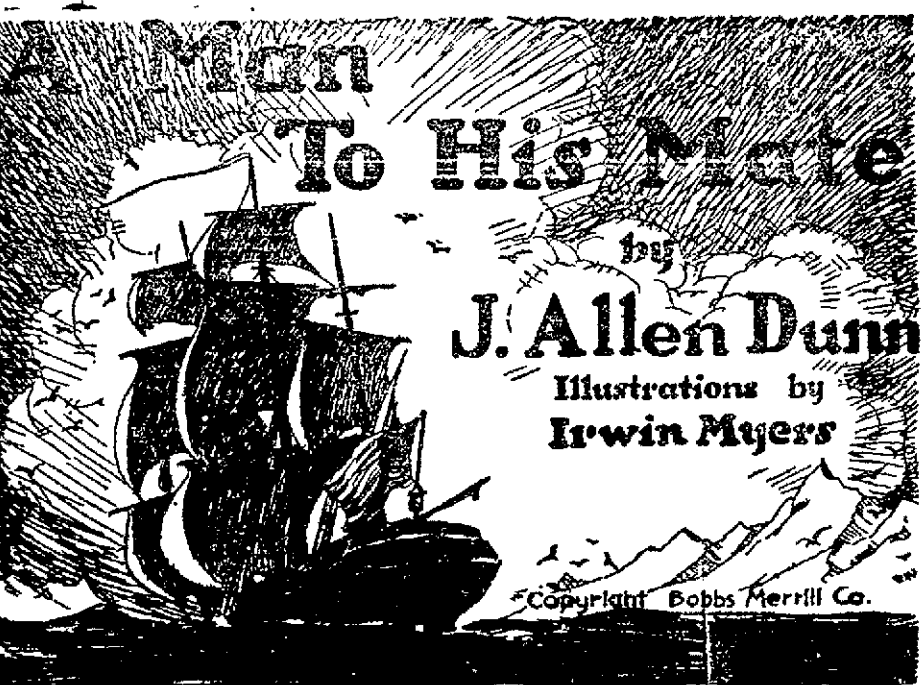
### 111. The King Found (vv. 9-12).

The Wise Men having obtained the desired information, started immediately to find the King. As soon as they left the city, the star which had guided them from the East appeared again to lead them on. Not that it had disappeared from the sky, but dwellings of the city, no doubt, out the sight of it. Often spiritual vision is obscured by the things of this world, guided them to the place where Christ was. Those who cut seek Jesus shall find Him, though he oppose. When they found him, they worshiped Him. In this they displayed true faith. They did not see any miracles, only a babe, yet they worshiped Him as King. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John 20:29). Note God's overruling providence in all this. Many hundred years before, the prophet said that Christ should come from Bethlehem (Micah 5:2). God so ordered affairs that Mary should be brought to that city to give birth to Christ. God so ordered that these men should depart another way, there by defeating Herod's wicked purpose. The Lord put gifts into the hands of Joseph and Mary before going to Egypt. Doubtless this served a good purpose in meeting their expenses during their stay there. Truly "All things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. 8:28).

Dedicating the Wall of Jerusalem. And at the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem they sought the Levites out of all their places, to bring them to Jerusalem to keep the dedication with gladness, both with thanksgivings and with singing, with cymbals, psalteries, and with harps.—Nehemiah 12:27.

They Rebel Against the Lord. Neither say they in their heart, Let us now fear the Lord our God, that giveth rain in his season, he reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.—Jeremiah 3:24.





Chapter X (Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XII.

My Mate.

From the day following the arrival and departure of the Japanese gunboat, they attacked the little U-shaped beach that lay between two buttresses of the volcano and sloped sharply down to the sea. Twenty-one men, a lad and a woman, they went at the despoiling of it with a sort of obsession, led, rather than driven, by Lund, who worked among the rest of them like a Hercules.

The men's fancy estimate of a million dollars began speedily to seem small as the work progressed, systematically stripping the rocky floor of all its shingle, foot by foot, and cubic yard by cubic yard, cradling it in crude rockers, fluming it, vaporizing the amalgam of gold and mercury, and adding pound after pound of virgin gold to the sacks in the schooner's strong room.

They worked at first in alternating shifts of four hours, by day and night, under the sun, the moon, the stars and the flaming aurora. The crust was drifted here and there where it had frozen into conglomerate, and exploded by dynamite, carefully placed so as not to dislodge the masses of ice that overhung the schooner. Fires to thaw out the ground were unavailable for sheer lack of fuel; there was no driftwood between these forestless shores. What fuel could be spared was conserved for use under the boilers that melted ice to provide water for the cradles and flumes, and help to cook the meals that Tamada prepared out-of-doors for the workers.

Buckets of coffee, stews, and thick soups of peas and lentils, masses of beans with plenty of fat pork, these were what they craved after hours of tremendous endeavor. Despite the cold, they sweated profusely at their tasks stripping off overgarments as they picked and shoveled or crowbarred out the rich gravel.

Through all of it Lund was supreme as working superintendent. There was no job that he could not, did not, handle better than any two of them, and though Rainey could see a shrinkage, or a compression, of his bulk, as day by day he called upon it for heroic service, he never seemed to tire. "Got to keep 'em at it," he would say in the cabin. "No time to lose, an' the odds all against us, in a way. Barring luck. That's what we got to count on, but we don't want them thinkin' that. If the weather don't break—an' break jest right—as soon as we've cleaned up, we're stung. Though I'll blast a way out of this shore ice, if it comes to the worst. I saved out some dynamite on purpose."

With Lund handling all of the men as a unit, it was not long before the shovels began to scrape on the bare rock that underlay the gravel at tide edge, and work swiftly back to the end of the U. The outdoors kitchen had been established on top of the promontory between the schooner and the beach, a primitive arrangement of big pots slung from tripods over fires kindled on a flat area that was partly sheltered from the sea and the prevailing winds by outcrops of weathered lava.

At dawn the men trooped from the schooner to be fed and warmed, and then they flung themselves at their task. The more they got out the more there was in it for them. But Lund was their overlord, their better, and they knew it. Only Deming worked with one hand the handle of the force bellows, or fed the fires, and sneered.

On the fifteenth day, with the work better than half done, with more than a ton of actual gold in colors, that ranged from flour dust to nuggets, in the strong-room, the weather began to change. It misted continually, and Lund, rejoicing, prophesied the breaking up of the cold snap.

By the eighteenth day a regular Chinook was blowing, melting the sharper outlines of the icy crags and pinnacles, and providing streams of moisture that, in the nights now gradually growing longer, glazed every yard of rock with peril.

The men worked in a muck with their rubber sea-boots worn out by constant chafing, sweaters torn, the blades of their shovels reduced by the work demanded of them, the drills, shortened by steady sharpening, gone like the spare flesh of the laborers, who, at last, began to show signs of quicker and quicker exhaustion with occasional mutterings of discontent, while Lund, intent upon cleaning off the rock as a dentist cleans a crumbling tooth, coaxed and cursed, blained and praised and belittled and

boozed. The hunters are sober. Deming ain't in on this. They did it on their own. I don't know how they got it. I didn't get it for 'em, sir. They must have worked plumb through the hold an' got to it that way."

"All right, Sandy. Thanks, Mr. Lund can handle them, I guess. He's coming now."

The men had got to the ice, hidden from Lund, who was walking to the Karluk on the opposite side of the vessel. The seamen were gesticulating freely; the sound of their voices came up to him where he stood, tinged with a new freedom of speech, rough, confident, menacing. As they climbed the trail their legs betrayed them and confirmed the boy's story. Behind them came the four hunters, with Hansen, walking apart, watching the sailors with a certain gravity that communicated itself despite the distance.

Lund showed at the far fall of the schooner with his bar. He glanced toward the men going to work, went below, and came up with a sweater. He had left the bar behind him in the cabin, where it was used for a stove poker.

The men filed by Rainey, their faces flushed and their eyes unusually bright. They seemed to share a prime joke, that wanted to bubble up and over, yet held a restraint upon themselves that was eased by digs in one another's ribs, in laughs when one stumbled or hiccupped.

But Hansen was stolid as ever, and the hunters had evidently not shared the stolen liquor. Only Deming's eyes roved over the group of men as they gathered round for their cups and pannikins of food. He seemed to be calculating what advantage he could gain out of this unexpected happening.

Peggy Simms, under cover of pouring the coffee, sweetened heavily with condensed milk, found time to speak to Rainey.

"They're all drunk," she said. "Not all of them. Here comes Lund. He'll handle it."

Lund seemed still pondering the problem of the foe. At first he did not notice the condition of the sailors. Then he apparently ignored it. But, after they had eaten, he talked to all the men.

"Two more days of it, lads, and we're through. The beach is nigh cleared. We can get out of the foe to blue water easy enough, an' we'll 'it a good start on the patrol-ship. We'll go back with full pockets an' heavy ones. The shares'll be half as large again as we've figured. I wouldn't wonder if they averaged sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars apiece."

Rainey had picked out a black-bearded Finn as the leader of the sailors in their debauch. The liquor seemed to have unchained in him a spirit of revolt that bordered on insolence. He stood with his bowed legs apart, mitted hands on hips, staring at Lund with a covert grin.

Next to Lund he was the biggest man aboard. With the rum giving an unusual co-ordination to his usually sluggish nervous system, he promised to be a source of trouble.

Rainey was surprised to see him shrug his shoulders and lead the way to the beach. Perhaps breakfast had sobered them, though the fumes of liquor still clung cloudily on the air.

Lund went down, with Rainey beside him, reporting Sandy.

"I'll work it out of 'em," said Lund. "That booze'll be an expensive luxury to 'em, paid for in hard labor."

They found the men ranged up in three groups. Deming and Beale, against custom, had gone down to the beach. They were supposed to help clean the food utensils, and aid Tamada after a meal, besides replenishing the fires.

They stood a little away from the hunters and Hansen and the sailors. The Finn, talking to his comrades in a low growl, was with a separate group.

There was an air of defiance manifest, a feeling of suspense in the tiny valley, backed by the frowning cone, ribbed by the two icy promontories. Lund surveyed them sharply.

"What in h—'s the matter with you?" he barked. "Hansen, send up a man for the drills an' shovels. Yore work's laid out; hop to it!"

"We ain't goin' to work no more," said the Finn aggressively. "Not fo' no sich wage like you give."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" mocked Lund. He was standing with Rainey in the middle of the space they cleared of gravel, the seamen tower down the beach, nearer the sea, their ranks compacted.

"Why, you booze-bitten, lousy hunk, what in h— do you want? You never saw twenty dollars in a lump you c'd call yore own for more'n ten minnts. You boardin'-house loafer an' the rest of you scum o' the seven seas, git yore shovels an' git to diggin', or I'll put you ashore in San Francisco flat broke, an' glad to leave the ship, at that. Jump!"

The Finn snarled, and the rest stood firm. Not one of them knew the real value of their promised share. Money represented only counters exchanged for lodging, food and drink enough to make them sodden before they had spent even their usual wages. Then they would wake to find the rest gone, and throw themselves upon the selfish bounty of a boarding-house keeper.

But they had seen the gold, they had handled it, and they were inflamed by a sense of what it ought to do for them. Perhaps half of them could not add a simple sum, could not grasp figures beyond a thousand, at most. And the sight of so much gold had made it, in a manner, cheap. It was there, a heap of it, and they wanted more of that shining heap than had been promised them.

"You talk big," said the Finn. "Look my hands." He showed palms red, loused, split, swollen lumps of chil-

blained flesh worn down and stiffened "I bin seaman, not navy."

Lund turned to the hunters. "You in on that," he asked. Deming and Beale moved off. Two of the others joined them. "Neutral," sneered Lund. "I'll remember that." Hansen and the two remaining came over beside Lund and Rainey.

"Five of us," said Lund. "Five



Lund's Face Turned Dark With a Burst of Rage That Exploded in Voice and Action.

men against two minnts to start work." "You talk big with yore gun in pocket," said the Finn. "Me good man as you enny day."

Lund's face turned dark with a burst of rage that exploded in voice and action.

"You think I need my gun, do ye, you pack of rats? Then try it on without it."

His hand slid to his holster inside his heavy coat. His arm swung, there was a streak of gleaming metal in the lifting sun-rays, flying over the heads of the seamen. It plunked in the free water beyond the ice.

"Come on," roared Lund, "or I'll rush you to the first bath you've had in five years." The Finn lowered his head, and charged; the rest followed their leader. The hot food had steadied their motive control to a certain extent, they were firmer on their feet, less vague of eye, but the crude alcohol still fumed in their brains. Without it they would never have answered the Finn's call to rebellion.

He had promised, and their drunken minds believed, that refusing in a mass to work would automatically halt things until they got their "rights." They had not expected an open fight. The spur of alcohol had thrust them over the edge, given them a swifter flow of their impoverished blood, a temporary confidence in their own prowess, a mock valor that answered Lund's contemptuous challenge.

Lund, thought Rainey, had done a fool-hardy thing in tossing away his gun. It was magnificent, but it was not war. Pure bravado! But he had scant time for thinking. Lund tossed him a scrap of advice. "Keep movin'! Don't let 'em crowd you!" Then the fight was joined.

The girl leaned out from the promontory to watch the tourney. Tamada, impassive as ever, tended his fires. Sandy crept down to the beach, drawn despite his will, and shuffled in and out, irresolute, too weak to attempt to mix in, but excited, eager to help. Deming, Beale and the two neutral hunters, stood to one side, waiting, perhaps, to see which way the fight went, reserves for the apparent victor.

The Finn, best and biggest of the sailors, rushed for Lund, his little eyes red with rage, crazy with desire to make good his boast that he was as good as Lund. In his barbaric way he was somewhat of a dancer, and his legs were as lithe as his arms. He leaped, striking with fists and feet.

Lund met him with a fierce uppercut, short-traveled, sent from the hip. His enormous hand, bunched to a knucky lump of stone, knocked the Finn over, lifting him, before he fell with his nose driven in, his bone shattered, his lips broken like overripe fruit, and his discolored teeth knocked out.

He landed on his back, rolling over and over, to lie still, half stunned, while two more sprang for Lund.

Lund roared with surprise and pain as one caught his red beard and swung to it, smiting and kicking. He wrapped his left arm about the man, crushing him close up to him, and, as the other came, diving low, butting at his solar plexus, the giant gripped him by the collar, using his own impetus, and brought the two skulls together with a thud that left them stunned.

The two dropped from Lund's relaxed arms like sacks, and he stepped over them, alert, poised on the balls of his feet, letting out a shout of triumph, while he looked about him for his next adversary.

The bedrock on which they fought was slippery where ice had formed in the crevices. Two seamen tackled Hansen. He stopped the curses of one with a straight punch to his mouth, but the man clung to his arm, bearing it down. Hansen swung a third at

MOST CONCERN IS CAUSED BY CHINA

CONFERENCE WORKING ON PLAN FOR THE OPEN DOOR WITH EQUAL PRIVILEGES.

JAPAN SHOULD BE SATISFIED

She Would Have Special Trade Opportunities With Her Neighbor—How Bland, Balfour and Others Appear in the Conference.

By EDWARD B. CLARK

Washington.—China, much more than limitation of armament or any other subject to come before the great international conference, has been and, in some measure, still is the most outstanding rock of trouble in the course of peaceful conference settlements.

Today it seems as if the Chinese questions are to be answered to the satisfaction, or at any rate to the seeming satisfaction, of the nations of the world. Japan, of course, is most vitally interested in the outcome of the negotiations as they affect China, for Japan always has intimated that she ought to have some kind of a "Monroe doctrine right" in the eastern seas.

Under the present plan, as proposed by members of the international conference, the intention is to keep China's doorway open, with equal privileges for all the national traders. The Japanese interests, it is said, will be cared for adequately. This presumably will satisfy Japan and will make for peace in the conference and for future peace in the world.

The expected has happened so far as preliminary plans to settle the Chinese question are concerned. Secretary Hughes has taken occasion to intimate that Japan should be satisfied with the open-door proposal, because she is "on the threshold" of the doorway.

Equal Privileges in China.

It has been possible prior to this time to give a forecast of this plan, coupled with the statement that it probably would be agreeable to the Japanese. What has been written before is entirely pertinent to the situation today. The extract of explanation of what was to come is as follows:

"Equal privileges for trade with China does not mean at all that some one will not have special privileges. This sounds like a contradiction, but it is no contradiction. It is believed that the Japanese will be entirely agreeable to the equal privileges proposal and readily will lend their sanction."

"Equal trade opportunities for all nations with China means, of course, that each nation will have the right to trade freely and under the same conditions as all other nations. But other things enter into the matter—geographical position, which means much; an understanding of the Chinese temperament and an understanding, also, of Chinese conditions."

"Japan is a close neighbor of China. The Japanese are Asiatics. Their position on the map, the quickness with which they can reach sources of supplies in China, and some other things will give to Japan special trade privileges in China which other nations cannot enjoy, although the words 'equal privileges' may be written into any agreement."

Naturally there will be objections to some of the proposals as they affect China. The Japanese will seek more than it is intended to give them, but there is nothing today to show that eventually Japan's representatives will not accept the proposals which have been made and which, in some measure, are the offerings of China itself.

Oratory of the Conference.

The speaking methods of Briand and Balfour are as unlike as the languages in which they express their thoughts. Briand is dramatic, while Balfour is not. Each after his own manner makes his way into the minds of the listeners.

Briand is dramatic, but with his oratory seemingly running fast, and with his gestures keeping pace with them, he separates his words so markedly that the American book student of French can understand him. This makes it pleasant for those of us who can read French fairly easily, but who ordinarily cannot get a word in the rapid-fire replies of a Frenchman to questions put in the timid and hesitating manner of a man who is trying to remember his genders and his tenses.

Balfour literally gropes for words at times. He gets close to the end of a sentence and then seemingly cannot pick the word with which he wants to end it. About three words before the end he puts his hands in the air with the fingers arranged for a clutching process. Finally after three or four genuinely English "ers" he discovers the lair of the word that he wants, pulls it forth, brings it down, and gives it utterance.

Balfour, however, holds his auditors. It has become a game with his hearers to try to fix in advance on the word for which he gropes. Sometimes the audience hits it right, and sometimes wrong; generally wrong, however, for when the British statesman finally finds his word it frequently proves to be an unusual synonym for the word which the audience thinks he is after.

Interpreter Came Back's Methods

A good deal has been written about Balfour, but the real continuing joy of the conference is the interpreter,

M. Camerlynck. He is, in his own way, the greatest orator in the conference, albeit he orates in the words of others and immediately following their utterance, M. Camerlynck takes the French down in shorthand and then delivers it in English from his shorthand notes. He does the thing also in reverse and each process seemingly is equally easy.

Mr. Balfour makes no gestures except the groping one, but M. Camerlynck when translating Balfour supplies gestures on his own account. Balfour, when listening, recognizes his translated words, but he does not recognize anything else.

Briand is much amused, for he plainly shows amusement, as he watches Interpreter Camerlynck repeat in English the French premier's addresses. Camerlynck has the Briand manner to a T. He would make a good actor of the kind which clings close to the traditions of the great masters of the acting craft. He is the chiefest of the copiers. In his capacity as translator at many conferences he has watched men speak. It is perhaps unconsciously that he doubles up their manners as he doubles up their words.

Kato Eloquent but Not Flowery.

Baron Kato, the Japanese admiral, is an orator, but there are no flowers in his oratory. He speaks like a Japanese three-pounder gun, true sailor-like and, if you will, soldier-like. He speaks in Japanese. All that one who does not understand a word of the language can tell is that the admiral is pounding something home and that he means what he says. He has an interpreter with him, one of the few Japanese present at the conference who understands the shades of meaning of the American language. The interpreter also pounds like a field gun when translating. He gives the admiral's spirit as he gives the admiral's words.

The British, the French, the Japanese and the other representatives of foreign powers here assembled have had some little instruction apparently from the American State department concerning their dealings with Washington correspondents. They have been told that they can say anything that they wish to the men who are stationed here as continuing correspondents, and can say it with every assurance that they will not be quoted and that their information will not be used if they declare in advance that it is to be taken as confidential.

The result of this is that the British have foregone their habit of reticence and talk freely. The Japanese have been free enough with information from the first. They are becoming voluble.

The French seem to feel that they are assured of sympathetic treatment in America, and the result is that they are more liberal with information, perhaps, than the others. The Italians follow the French closely in this matter of communicativeness.

Poison Gases and Airplanes.

Poison gases and airplanes are two of the chief factors in the problem of the limitation of armament. So far as the airplanes are concerned, the use of them in war is so bound up with their use for commercial purposes in peace that limitation of development probably will be impossible. An airplane that is serviceable under all conditions for commercial purposes is serviceable for most conditions in war.

Everybody connected with the conference knows that poison gas has come to stay. It is possible, of course, that its use in warfare may be prohibited, but it is known, because of the necessities of the commercial case, that experiments in chemistry will go on, and that hand in hand with them will go the study of the production of poison gases which can be used in war.

The conferees lay stress upon defense as opposed to offense. No one has suggested that a nation divest itself of enough of its armor to prevent its taking care of itself in case it is attacked. In the words of Banty Tim, "You can resoloot till the cows come home," but "resolootin" will not prevent some nation or other from breaking its word in wartime if it is given to word-breaking.

Fries and West Write a Book.

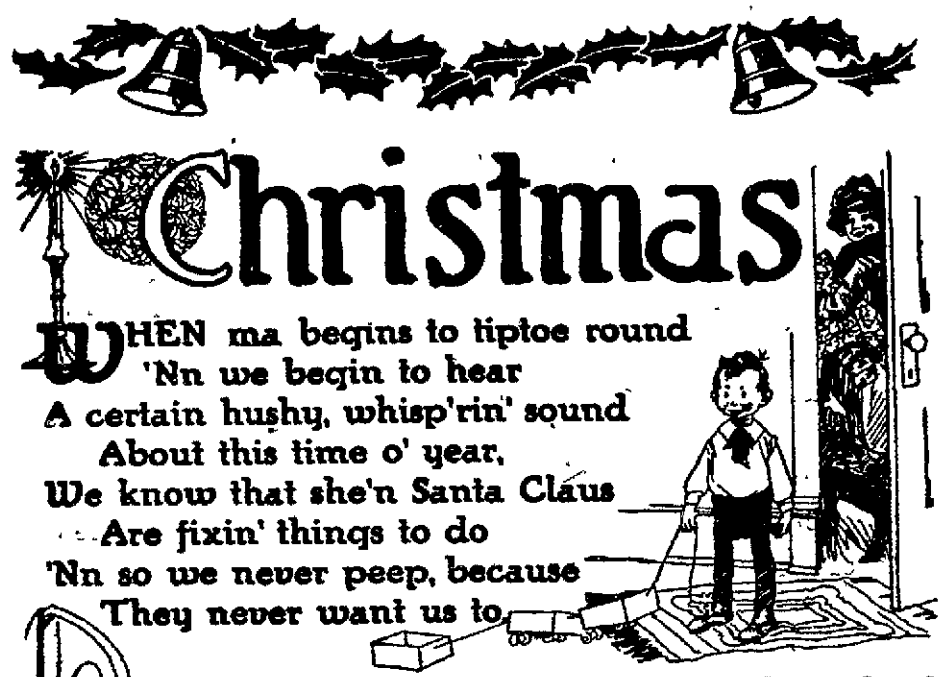
On the advisory committee of the American board of delegates is the chief of the chemical warfare service of the United States army, Brig. Gen. Amos A. Fries. The views of General Fries and of Major Clarence J. West of the reserve corps, a chemist of high standing, have been made known on the general subject of poison gas, and its uses. In fact, the two have just written and published an extraordinarily interesting book called "Chemical Warfare," with a foreword written by Maj. Gen. William L. Sibert, U. S. A. (Retired), who was the first director of the chemical warfare service during the war. General Fries was the chief of the same service in the American expeditionary forces during the war.

There seems to be a wide public interest just now in poison gases. The conference in Washington, it is known, shares the general public interest in the matter.

Concerning the future of chemical warfare, it has been said by General Fries, in his book on the subject:

"While some of the chemicals developed for use in war prior to the armistice have been made known to the world, a number of others have not. More than this, every nation of first-class importance has continued to pursue, more or less energetically, studies into chemical warfare. These studies will continue, and we must expect that new gases, new methods of turning them loose, and new tactical uses will be developed."





# Christmas

WHEN ma begins to tiptoe round  
'Nn we begin to hear  
A certain hushy, whisp'rin' sound  
About this time o' year,  
We know that she'n Santa Claus  
Are fixin' things to do  
'Nn so we never peep, because  
They never want us to

When all the seats in Sunday school  
Are filled with girls and boys  
'Nn no one ever breaks a rule  
'R makes a bit o' noise,  
We know it can't be very long  
'Till Santy will appear  
'Nn pass his presents to the throng  
That comes but once a year.

When Aunt Malindy comes and brings  
The children 'n the bird,  
'Nn she 'en makes popcorn strings  
We never say a word.  
But anybody orter see  
That she has come to stay  
'Til time to have the Christmas tree  
Which can't be far away.

—King's Messenger.



# When Santa Came

WHEN Santa came in distant days  
And wistfully I watched his ways  
The garden path with frosty lace,  
The drooping eaves, the fireplace  
I found him by the glowing blaze.

He lingered 'neath the cedar sprays  
He smiled and mocked my childish gaze,  
A calm, benign and cheery face  
When Santa came.

I see him now as through a haze  
Unchanged as when with joy he'd raise  
My cheek to kiss with gentle grace  
In him a kindness I trace  
A heart that sang with love and praise  
When Santa came.

# Home for Christmas

OUR hearts are all a-titter, our faces all aglow,  
The weather doesn't matter, it may rain or it may snow;  
Dad and mammy, lad and lassie, and we babies laugh in glee  
At the battle of the students, hastening to the old roof tree—  
All going home for Christmas.

And the old folks in the home nest, be it cot or mansion wide,  
Thru open door sending welcome, on the flood of Christmastide,  
To kith and kin and sometimes stranger, for this day of merry cheer,  
Kept in hope and faith and loving, this one day in every year—  
All welcome home for Christmas.

'Tis the birthtime of the Christ-child, we have kept two thousand years;  
'Tis the glory of his life work shining thru a mist of tears,  
'Tis the fragrance of the lilies that has come across the sea;  
'Tis the love we bear our brother that brings peace to you and me,  
Till we all go home for Christmas.

M. D. N., in Wallace's Farmer.

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT

ALL day the children dear did play  
With toys that came from Santa's sleigh  
From Noah's Ark,  
Until quite dark  
The beads were ranged, all two by two,  
Each doll and game  
Had grown quite tame—  
Young folks were tired, grown folk, too,  
Then nursery floor  
Knew wild uproar.  
Clown threw a ball at Teddy Bear.  
It smashed the big doll's face so fair.  
Stuffed monkey set balloons all free.  
They bumped the ceiling, sad to see.  
Jack-in-the-box ate candy, too,  
And nuts and raisins, not a few.  
The toy doll called for ice cream pink.  
The parrot screamed: "I want a drink."  
This cannot sound quite sane or right—  
The children's dream on Christmas night.

—Philadelphia Record.

## CHRISTMAS

LOW in the east, against a white,  
Cold dawn,  
The black-lined silhouette of woods  
was drawn,  
And on the wintry waste  
Of frosted streams and hillsides bare  
and brown,  
Through thin cloud-films a pallid  
ghost looked down,  
The waning moon half-faced!

In that pale sky and sere, snow-  
waiting earth,  
What sign was there of the immor-  
tal birth.

What herald of this one?  
Lo! swift as thought the heavenly  
radiance came,  
A rose-red splendor swept the sky  
like flame,  
Up rolled the round, bright sun!

And all was changed. From a trans-  
figured world  
The moon's ghost fled, the smoke of  
home-hearth's curled  
Up the still air unblown.  
In Orient warmth and brightness,  
did that morn  
O'er Nain and Nazareth when  
Christ was born,  
Break fairer than our own?

The morning's promise noon and  
eve fulfilled  
In warm, soft sky and landscape  
hazy-hilled  
And sunset fair as they;  
A sweet reminder of His holiest  
time,  
A summer miracle in our winter  
clime,  
God gave a perfect day.

The near was blended with the old  
and far,  
And Bethlehem's hillside and the  
Magi's star  
Seemed here as there and then—  
Our homestead pine tree was the  
Syrian palm,  
Our heart's desire, the angel's mid-  
night psalm,  
Peace, and good will to men!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## Old Christmas Returned

HELLO you that to feasting and mirth are  
inclined,  
Come, here is good news for to pleasure  
your mind,  
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,  
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse;  
Then come boys and welcome for diet the  
chief,  
Plum pudding, goose, capon, mince pies and  
roast beef.

—Old Carol.

## Holy Night

Silent night! Holy night!  
All things sleep save the bright  
And most holy adorable pair.  
Holy Child, with ringletted hair,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds first saw the light;  
Midst the angels' halloing  
Loud resounds from far and near,  
Christ, the Saviour, is here,  
Christ, the Saviour, is here.

Silent night! Holy night!  
Son of God, Ah! how bright  
Smiles Thy love on heavenly lips!  
'Tis the first Salvation Morn!  
Christ, the Saviour, is here!  
Christ, the Saviour, is here!

## WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

THE hand of the world seems cold,  
The heart of the world seems cold,  
Of selfish schemes seem all its dreams  
And its only goal seems gold.  
Yet whenever Christmas comes  
The world the mask removes  
From the tender part of its kind, true heart,  
And we learn how much it loves.  
We see it's a good old world  
Which only loves a game;  
Though it plays the race and it keeps  
the pace,  
It is tender all the same.  
Though it struggles hard to win,  
The dream in its heart is sweet;  
And on Christmas Day it is glad to lay  
The prize at its Saviour's feet.

—LEE SHIPPEY in Leslie's.

## Blackstrap.

Blackstrap is a low-grade sugar cane  
molasses. At one time it was gen-  
erally discarded in sugar refining, but  
is now used not only as an appetizer  
and tonic for stock feeding, but is in-  
cluded as a regular ingredient of mixed  
rations, being a food of the carbohy-  
drate class.

## A Daughter of the Frontier

By FREDERICK CLARKE.

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A fairer picture Burt Dawson fancied he had never seen, and for a minute or two he paused, screened by the leafy verdure. A girl, tall, fair, had filled her pitcher at the spring. Ere she took it up to carry it to the house, two hundred yards distant, she stood looking into the face of the radiant sunset.

Her eye brightened as young Dawson started on my mission in the morning," he said. "It will seem a lonely jaunt, more of a wilderness than ever after the beautiful days I have passed in this haven of rest."

"My uncle has told me," said Eloise, and paused there and a faint dim seemed to dim those beautiful eyes and a quiver crossed her face. "He fears you are taking a dangerous risk, and I—"

Again she paused. Her glance dropped as Burt approached nearer. He had taken her shapely hand.

"And you?" he intimated gently, and his tones carried a tremulous thrill. "I hope I have not brought you trouble," she said wistfully. "I wish that you would not undertake this perilous mission."

Her hands began to tremble, and she placed them pleadingly upon his arm. The tears came into her eyes.

His arm crept about her as she lifted her glance. She could not help but read the earnest love in his honest eyes.

"Don't go," she whispered. "Oh, for my sake—let me go! I dare not—"

In amazement Burt felt her tear herself from his clasp, saw her dart towards the house like a hunted, frightened bird. Then he gave a quick start. Weaving his way in and out of the dense underbrush, he made out a skulking form.

Burt had been sent by the engineering firm employing him to inspect the district in conjunction with a new irrigation and railroad project. He had arrived at the border town of Fildfield, Okla., one week previous. It was necessary for him to make inquiries there before he prosecuted his journey. He had been directed to Mr. Treherne, the uncle of Eloise, who was acquainted through the entire section. He had found him to be a former itinerant preacher, but now living some miles from town and engaged in a small cooperage business. He and his niece led the truly simple life. Burt had become their welcome guest; the days had drifted on pleasantly.

One evening, however, Burt had a foretaste of the people he was destined to meet if he continued on his journey. Another uncle of Eloise, named John Rivers, accompanied by one Jeff Wadhams, came down from "the bad lands." Rivers was voluble in his demand that his niece should spend part of her time at his home over the border. Burt even surmised that it was Jeff Wadhams who was urging him to this. The eyes of the desperado told that he sought Eloise as a life partner. Very clearly Mr. Treherne told his brother-in-law that his demand would not be granted.

At eleven o'clock that night Burt was aroused from his sleep. It was Treherne, who told him to get up and dress. Then he led him out through the house into the stout log workshop over the river, where he did his rude cooperage tasks.

Eloise was there. She stood at the one window of the place with a rifle in her hand, looking every inch an intrepid daughter of the frontier. In some amazement Burt glanced out. Mounted on horses, armed, some of them bearing torches, were twenty men. Jeff Wadhams was their leader.

"What do you want here?" demanded Mr. Treherne, going to the window, and Jeff came forward.

"We want a man calling himself Dawson and an engineer," he responded. "We have information that he is a spy, a disguised detective, and we are going to string him up. This isn't your business, Treherne. Deliver him up."

"I want time to consider," spoke Mr. Treherne, and his face was grim, and Eloise kept watch and ward at the window.

"Mr. Dawson," said Treherne, "there is just one way to escape, but you must do what I say and act quickly. I shall barrel you up, with a hammer and chisel, drop you into the river and you will float away while these men are wasting their time here."

"And leave Eloise to be carried away by that ruffian outside?" cried Burt. "I will die fighting, first!"

The old man was silent. He studied the face of his guest keenly.

"You love her?" he asked.

"More than my own life!" responded Burt fervently.

"Then—slowly, solemnly—"make her your wife. Those ruffians then dare not molest her."

A barefooted bride—how strange! The hasty marriage ceremony—how thrilling! And then, at the insistence of those two who now had a claim upon him, Burt consented to be "barreled up."

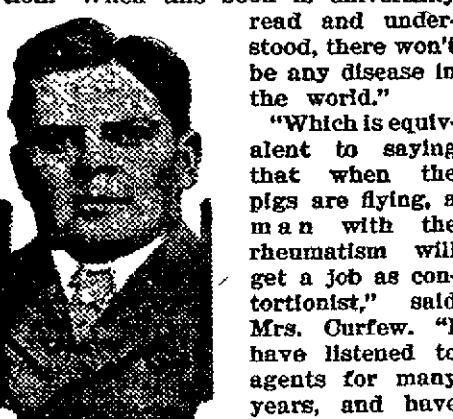
Thirty minutes later, half a mile down the stream, Burt Dawson, safe from pursuit, broke his way out of the barrel in which he had taken a strange, sensational voyage.

Two hours later, with a posse gathered at Fildfield, he was back at the old house by the river to disperse the baffled outlaw group and claim his fair, barefooted bride.



## THE USE OF SICKNESS

HERE is the most wonderful book ever offered the public," said the agent with enthusiasm. "It is entitled 'Psychology and Disease,' and every page has an astounding revelation. When this book is universally read and understood, there won't be any disease in the world."



"Which is equivalent to saying that when the pigs are flying, a man with the rheumatism will get a job as a confectionist," said Mrs. Curfew. "I have listened to agents for many years, and have heard all kinds of silly talk, but yours is the worst yet. You can't convince me that the day will ever come when a man with the jumping rheumatism, such as my husband is afflicted with, can sit down and cure himself by reading a book, even if the book is endorsed by congressmen and justices of the peace and other dignitaries without number."

"If disease ever is banished from the world, I have no doubt that something worse will come to take its place. I believe that everything in this world is here for a good purpose, even if it doesn't look that way at first glance."

"Early this spring there was an epidemic of measles in this neighborhood, and of course my little granddaughter had to come to visit me. She never comes when the health conditions are all that could be desired, but just as sure as there is smallpox or seven year itch or some other contagious disease rampant, that angel child comes to spend a few days with her beloved grandmother, and she catches everything there is going."

"She hadn't been here two days before she was down sick. She had more measles than I ever saw in one collection before, and her face was a sight to be seen. I was inclined to murmur and repine, for I was just done with my housecleaning and was so tired I felt as though I'd like to lie down and sleep for six months, and there I was with a sick child in the house, and I was to be up night and day seeing that she didn't catch cold, for if a child catches cold when she has that disease, some of the measles are sure to strike in, and then she goes blind or loses her hearing or becomes an idiot."

"I was complaining to Mr. Curfew, and saying harsh, bitter things, when a boy came to the door with a telegram. It was from Cousin Susan, and she said she was coming on the night train with her three children to spend a week with me. She invites herself that way about once a year, and I always dread her coming, for her children are holy horrors, and there is no peace where they are."

"I never had a good excuse for heading Cousin Susan off before, and she had become a nightmare to me. But on that occasion I had an excuse all ready made. I sent back a telegram saying that my granddaughter was in the house with an aggravated attack of measles, and the house was quarantined, and a policeman with a sawed-off shotgun was guarding the approaches to the house. Of course I didn't use exactly those words, but that was the meaning of my dispatch, and Cousin Susan had to take her offspring and unload them on her Aunt Maria, who had never suffered a visitation of that sort before."

"This shows that diseases have their use, and even a few measles in the house are a wellspring of pleasure, when we regard them properly, with a determination to realize our blessings. So I have no use for any book that shows how to abolish diseases, and now must disperse, for I have a hundred things to do."

Arabs Suffer From Famine. "The Drinkers of Sunshine," as the Arab shepherds call themselves, are on the verge of starvation throughout Algeria, and unless wheat is imported from America it may have nothing but sunshine as a steady diet during the winter.

The threatening famine is the result of a year's drought. Seventy-five per cent of the sheep in Algeria have died as a result of the drought, and the Arab "Drinkers of Sunshine," dreamers and philosophers, incapable of any work but that of guarding their flocks, are in dire straits.

Out of Date Now. "Did you hear what that young woman said?" "No. What was it?" "She told the young fellow with her that she 'just loved to cook.'" "Ah! An old-fashioned girl. She's using the 'vamping' methods popular twenty years ago."

To Be Expected. Bob—"Don't you weigh more than you did?" Belle—"A bit. I started at nine and a half pounds."—Boston Globe.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

# Sunday School Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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## LESSON FOR DECEMBER 25

### CHRISTMAS LESSON—THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 2:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT—And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.—Matt. 2:11.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Wise Men Visit the Baby Jesus. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Wise Men and the Star. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The First Christmas. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Most Joyous Day in the Year.

1. The King Earnestly Sought (vv. 1, 2).

These Wise Men who sought Jesus were either Arabian or Persian astrologers—students of the stars. The appearance of an unusual star attracted their attention. Perhaps they were acquainted with the famous prophecy of Balaam (Num. 24:17). Doubtless through the influence of the Jews who remained in Chaldea, or the direct influence of Daniel extending to this time, they had become acquainted with the hope of a Messiah. The light they had was dim, but they lived up to the best they had. To those who act upon the best light they have, God always gives more. To those who refuse to act upon the knowledge given, God not only refuses to give more, but brings into confusion that which they already possess (Matt. 25:28). These men were really wise. Let us learn from them:

1. That all true wisdom leads to the Savior, for He is the Logos—the fullness of wisdom.

2. That God's Word shall not return unto him void (Isa. 55:11). The seeds cast upon the waters of the East brought forth fruit after many days. No work done for the Lord eventually fails.

3. The grace of God calls men from unexpected quarters. Some who have the least opportunities give the greatest honors to Christ; while others, blessed with the richest opportunities, shut Him out.

4. Herod Seeking to Kill the King (vv. 3-8).

The news brought by the Wise Men struck terror to Herod's heart. He was not alone in this, for all Jerusalem was troubled with him. The news ought to have brought joy. A glimpse at the social customs in and about Jerusalem at that day will enable us to understand why this news brought uneasiness to the people. They were living in the greatest luxury. Fine dresses, sumptuous feasts, fine houses, etc., led to gross immoralities. They did not want a Savior who would save them from their sins—they wanted to continue in them. Herod demanded of the priests and scribes information as to where Christ should be born. They soon were able to tell him. These people had a technical knowledge of the Scriptures, but had no heart for the Savior set forth therein. They had no disposition to seek Him. This all occurred in Jerusalem, the city of the King—the place of all places where He should have been welcomed. It seems where the greatest privileges are, there is the greatest indifference shown as to spiritual matters.

5. The King Found (vv. 9-12). The Wise Men having obtained the desired information, started immediately to find the King. As soon as they left the city, the star which had guided them from the East appeared again to lead them on. Not that it had disappeared from the sky, but the dwellings of the city, no doubt, shut out the sight of it. Oftentimes our spiritual vision is obscured or hidden by the things of this world. The star guided them to the place where the Christ was. Those who earnestly seek Jesus shall find Him, though all hell oppose. When they found Him they worshiped Him. In this they displayed true faith. They did not see any miracles, only a babe, yet they worshiped Him as King. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John 20:29). Note God's overruling providence in all this. Many hundred years before, the prophet said that Christ should come from Bethlehem (Micah 5:2). God so ordered affairs that Mary should be brought to that city to give birth to Christ. God so ordered that these men should depart another way, there by defeating Herod's wicked purpose. The Lord put gifts into the hands of Joseph and Mary before going to Egypt. Doubtless this served a good purpose in meeting their expenses during their stay there. Truly "All things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. 8:28).

Dedicating the Wall of Jerusalem. And at the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem they sought the Levites out of all their places, to bring them to Jerusalem to keep the dedication with gladness, both with thanksgivings and with singing, with cymbals, psalteries, and with harps.—Nehemiah 12:27.

They Rebel Against the Lord. Neither say they in their heart, Let us now fear the Lord our God, that giveth rain in his season; he reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.—Jeremiah 5:24.



## County Institute

(Continued from First Page)

4. Mistakes made in regard to the lesson.

5. Mistakes made in regard to personal development.

1. Get the social atmosphere of the community in which you are teaching. Be a good mixer socially. Show all courtesies to patrons that you possibly can and treat them all alike.

2. Get to school on time. That does not mean to be there on the very minute when school is to begin, but to be ready to begin at the appointed time. Plan the opening exercises carefully. Introduce variation. Make things interesting. Do not talk too much. Don't allow too much hot air to get into the school room.

Give praise when praise is deserved. Everybody likes the encouragement of the leader. We all like to be praised.

In making a threat be sure to carry it out.

Do not see too much in the school room. Do not get excited over every little thing.

Do not be hasty in drawing conclusions.

3. Know the pupils. Get into their hearts and lives.

4. Be sure to make assignment definite. Adhere to assignment in recitation. Do not adhere too much to text book. Do not take too much for granted, but have pupils know particulars. Do not spend too much time on petty things.

5. Do not become single tracked in your work. Allow yourself to develop along all lines. If a good entertainment comes to the community, attend it. Go away at times to the city. Read a variety of books. Get all the experiences in every way that you possibly can. Take part in as many community and school activities as you possibly can.

### TUESDAY AFTERNOON

After devotional music, Mr. Davis Supt. of Schools of Blair Co., presented the cause of the Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer Memorial School of Education to be built on the Campus of F. and M. College, Lancaster, Pa. The building to be complete in every detail, is to cost \$60,000. Dr. W. C. Schaeffer had been Superintendent of Education of Penna., from 1893-1919, a period of twenty-six years. The following quotation from the great man breathes his spirit: "At the close of life the question is not, how much have you got, but how much have you given; not how much have you won, but how much have you done; not how much have you saved, but how much have you sacrificed; how much have you loved and served, not how much were you honored."

Nathan Schaeffer, Dr. Green—"Books that Bless."

There are three classes of books.

1. Books that Curse.

2. Books that affect us slightly.

3. Books that Bless.

Books are necessary. We wouldn't want to live in a community without books. The Bible is prominent in the world of books. It is God's Book and the Book of God. Books help to keep us intellectually alive. The books to read are the books that lift up. The books that bless are those that give inspiration, that draw us toward an ideal that lies in the sublime, the spiritual. They form a food for the soul. They are the finest form of the expression of love, of all emotions. They are the best means of picture painting in the hand of the master artist of literature.

You will never get the blessing out of anything in art or literature unless you allow your imagination to play.

Building the Ship of State—Dr. Hulley. Longfellow in his poem pictures to us the beautiful ship ready to leave the ways, then finally after floating into the water it starts to stir and sethles and starts to move and so sails into the arms of the ocean. Then at the end the poet breaks into the allegory, "Thou too sail on, O Ship of State; Sail on thou Union strong and great Humanity with all its fears, And all its hopes of future years, Hangs breathless on thy fate. The building of the Ship of State was a slow process. Boundary problems were the most troublesome during our early years. Another source of trouble was the system of finance. This country has always suffered from debts (thrown on our government. The present debt of 32 millions is a good example. We are staggering under the load. Commercial troubles have been the sources of all the great wars of history.

Dr. Henderson—"The New School: I've undertaken to educate the children of all the people in the country and the work of the New School is to make all the children of the people attend school all the time and all of the work is to be done at public expense. The new school must take care of the health of the child, his physical, social, moral and cultural, as well as intellectual development of all the boys and girls in our country.

### WEDNESDAY MORNING

Devotional exercises by Rev. J. V. Royer.

Starting the wheels of government, by Dr. Hulley.

The early government between states was the result of a series of compromises. The first big compromise was along the lines of representation—The Senate to be composed of men from every state.

The Representatives to be distributed according to the population in the different states. The second line of compromise was along the line of racial representation. The Southern delegates wanted to count all negroes, the North did not want any so they agreed to what is known as the 3-5 compromise. Five negroes to be equal to three whites.

The weakness of the original government was the fact that the states did not want to surrender their sovereignty. The national body was

not to have taxing powers. No government can be strong unless it will have the control of the resources; unless it will have the power to carry out the laws and protect the people.

After the framing of the Constitution came the problem of ratification and a stiff fight in the various state legislatures followed but in due time it was finally ratified.

Next to religion, the government is our most important interest, and we ought to keep this in mind at all times. It was this realization on the part of most of the political leaders in the various states that the constitution, the great roof over all our institutions, became a reality and has lasted and will continue to exist as long as we have a government of the people by the people and for the people.

Oxford University and Her Literary Men Dr. Green.

The biggest men in the field of literature came from the wonderful institution of Oxford University. The University is divided into the following schools: 1. Pembroke, 2. Christ Church, 3. Corpus Christi, 4. Merton, 5. Oriel, 6. Brasenose, 7. Wadham, 8. Keble, 9. Hertford, 10. New, 11. Magdalen, 12. Queen, 13. University, 14. All Soul's, 15. Lincoln, 16. Exeter, 17. Jesus, 18. Trinity, 19. Balliol, 20. St. John's, 21. Worcester.

Dr. Kelley, editor of the Penna. School Journal, addressed the institute and explained the value of the Pennsylvania State Educational Association and what it has meant in the past.

History and Literature, Dr. Green: (Note. This lecture was given to a sectional group of High School and Grammar School Teachers.)

In the teaching of History be sure to include some of the literary references to the State leaders and explorers. There is a vast fund of poems on the great political leaders.

After pointing out the value of poems in the teaching of inner nature of Columbus and Lincoln the speaker read a very interesting little drama on the traitor Benedict Arnold painting the historical traitor while he was going through the transformation of a true American to the feeling of a British subject. It teaches emphatically the story of Arnold as well as the torture that comes to a traitor.

### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

The New Woman—Dr. Henderson

1. Woman and Wages.

2. Woman and Work.

3. Woman and Unions.

4. Woman and Equality.

5. Woman and Nature.

Nature has provided for as many men as women. But among men one of five is not fit to join hands with women because of physical unfitness.

Through advances in education the women have attained a higher culture than men. We can show that by reviewing the number of graduates of our High Schools. So when the question of marriage comes up the highly intelligent woman will turn down the poor ignorant laborer. So we have left three men for every five women. Now what is going to happen? Either the extra two women have to join hands with the physically unfit or the mentally unequal. Another alternative is the practice of polygamy but that is illegal in our country. So the only thing for these extra women to do is to work. Every woman is more or less confronted with the problem of earning a living. Avenues lead to many different occupations for women and it so happens that a large number enter the teaching profession. Whether it is this work or any other the fact remains that the woman of today is in a very real sense a wage earner. This of course leads to all the problems in our social, economic and industrial problems. Somehow this leads us to think seriously about the effect that the influence of women has on all these problems.

In conclusion let us remember that the new woman in nature intends for men and women to stand together. After all the finest thing in life is a love story. The finest things in literature point out this exalted view of women in her relation to men—Women and nature.

Dr. Lee S. Driver—Head of Consolidated Rural Schools, State Dept. Sense and appreciation of the teachers responsibility to the child. James Whitcomb Riley told the following story. "One time he had to face punishment for tying two cats by their tails and hanging them over the clothes line, of course he was expecting his teacher to land on him, so he entertained a feeling of hatred toward the teacher. He was a good artist, so he drew several cartoons of his teacher. He was warned about the approach of the teacher and made an attempt to erase the picture but the teacher caught his arm. He picked up the picture and the pupil was expecting it to be handed back with emphasis. But the unexpected happened—the gruff teacher commended the drawing and had the boy stay after school in order to get into closer touch with him. That act on the part of the teacher changed the attitude of the pupil into an attitude of love and devotion for the teacher. The teacher touched the heart of the boy and both were the better for it.

Experiments in Democracy—Dr. Hulley.

Hamilton, a genius in many subjects was called upon to take charge of the financial end of the government. When he took charge of this work he introduced common sense in procedure. First he analyzed the situation. What was the problem? 1. What are our debts? 2. To whom are we indebted? 3. How much money is at hand? 4. How can we increase the revenue? Out of these four fundamentals of finance grew practically all our political problems. A story of John Ruskin by Dr. Green.

## What Professor Wanted

By WINIFRED DUNBAR.

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"I don't know what can be the matter with me, Miss Johnson," said Professor Barry to his housekeeper as she handed him his morning coffee. "I think I must be growing old."

"Oh, come, professor, you old at forty-five!" replied Miss Johnson, laughing. "What you want is to get married."

"Get married," repeated the professor absently, as though the idea had never occurred to him. "Why, who would want to marry an old foggy like me?"

"Some might," retorted Miss Johnson, tossing her head.

Miss Johnson came every day to attend to the professor's needs. He was instructor in Latin at the college; Miss Elizabeth Johnson was the daughter of a fellow professor who had died impoverished. Miss Johnson might have been thirty-five.

"If I ever get married," mused the professor, as he wandered in the direction of the town, "I should want a wife with light brown hair, blue eyes, and—why, bless me."

He blushed as he hurried along the street, for it had suddenly occurred to him that he was describing Miss Johnson.

"But I didn't mean anything, I assure you," he explained absently to himself.

"Please don't mention it," said a pleasant female voice in his ear, and the professor started in surprise, to see that he was looking into the face of a comely young woman who carried a baby.

"I assure you no harm has been done," she said. "So if you will kindly hold my little girl a minute, everything will come out all right." And she thrust a blinking bundle into his arms.

"Now I wonder what it was that I did," suggested the professor to himself, but there was no answer forthcoming.

"Hush, hush, baby," implored the professor, dandling the infant. "Go to sleep like a good boy—I mean girl. Mother will come by and by."

Apparently this prospect did not act as a soothing incentive, for the baby began to howl. A small boy jeered at him.

"Aw, take him home," suggested a ribald spectator. "Where did you get it?"

"He's stolen it," suggested another woman.

"Kidnaped," yelled another woman and promptly fainted.

"He's Black Dan, the thousand-dollar child-stealer," somebody yelled, and those on the outskirts of the crowd set up a yell of rage and surged forward toward the victim.

Happily at this juncture a policeman came pushing through the crowd.

"What's all this?" he demanded.

"Hey, there. Whose child is that?"

"It belongs to a woman," stammered Professor Barry. "I don't know her."

"He's stolen it," shrieked an irate lady as she broke her umbrella upon the professor's hat.

"Gimme the child," said the policeman, taking the screaming and frightened baby from the professor's arms.

"Certainly," said the professor cordially, divesting himself of his burden happily and turning to dodge out of the crowd.

"Hey, where are you going?" cried the policeman. "You're coming with me. It's going to be a cell for you."

"But a woman gave it to me," pleaded Professor Barry dismally.

"Tell that to the judge. Are you coming quietly, or—"

Miss Johnson appeared at the policeman's side.

"It's all right," she said, smiling.

"Just a mistake, Frank. This is Professor Barry of whom I have often told you."

"Then what's he doing with a strange baby, miss?" inquired the policeman dubiously.

"Why, you foolish man, it isn't a strange baby, it's your baby," said Miss Johnson, smiling. "Don't you know your own child?"

"My Bessie!" exclaimed the policeman. "Where's my Polly and why isn't she here?"

As he looked round helplessly a young woman struggled through the crowd and snatched the child hysterically from Miss Johnson's arms, kissing and murmuring over it.

"My baby," she cried. "I left her with the saleswoman, Frank, and she gave her to the wrong woman. Thank God, I've found her."

"There you see the explanation," said Miss Johnson. "The woman couldn't resist taking her, and then she was afraid to restore her, so she gave her to Professor Barry because he looked absent-minded. Professor Frank Hitchens is the son of my landlady."

Professor Barry, too stupefied to answer, suffered himself to be led away through the dissolving crowd and half an hour later Miss Johnson deposited him at the door of his house.

"Now I guess you can take care of yourself, professor," she said, smiling. The professor's arms went up just as the baby's had done, and he caught Miss Johnson by the sleeve.

"No, I can't," he said. "I want somebody to take care of me for life. That's what is the matter with me. I want you Miss Johnson—I mean Elizabeth. Will you?"

Miss Johnson signified that she would.

# Carl F. Espenschade

Department Store

Bedford, Pa.

"The Dependable Store"

Christmas of 1921 is now only a few hours away—Make the most of the short time remaining by centralizing your shopping at this Store. We have made every effort to keep our Stocks complete and feel confident you can find here quickly the gifts you need to complete your list. Use our list of gift suggestions which you will find upon every counter of the store.

We say Merry Christmas to all our Friends and Customers for we feel that all our customers are our Friends and if any of our friends are not our customers to them also we say Merry Christmas—and if there should be any who are neither Friends nor Customers to them also do we most emphatically say Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Watch this space for announcement of our Big January Sale.  
Store closed all Day Monday, December 26th.

### WILSONITES DECRY

G. O. P. PARTIANSHIP

Why Is "Association" Urged When We Have League? Wilson Democracy Asks.

The Woodrow Wilson Democracy, which explains that its purpose is to help make the Democratic Party in the future, as it was in the eight years of Wilson's leadership, the party of "popular, progressive and humanitarian ideals, issued yesterday, through its Executive Committee, a statement regarding the Washington Conference. Hamilton Holt is President and the Executive Committee consists of James Duane Livingston, Mrs. Stokes Halkett, Mrs. James Erskine Neal, George K. Hunton, Miss C. R. Lowell and Mrs. James Duane Livingston. The statement says, in part:

"The Conference on the Limitation of Armaments has thus far been successful in bringing about a partial solution of pressing world problems. The long promised naval holiday is a reality; the English-Japan alliance is supplanted by a more modern arrangement; the Pacific tangle bids fair to be adjusted.

"The credit naturally falling to the President and Secretary Hughes should be cheerfully emphasized by all fair-minded citizens. At the same time it would be a grave mistake if public opinion should over estimate the extent of the actual accomplishment of the conference. To indulge in false hopes, in the belief that this initial step in international co-operation is the full measure of our essential participation in world affairs, invites keen disillusionment.

"The Administration has not faced America's relation to the problems of Europe. This neglect and delay are very serious and reprehensible, particularly in view of the fact that Messrs. Hughes and Root on the 15th of October, 1920, pledged the Administration to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and to bring America into the League of Nations. This promise is yet to be fulfilled.

"Why does the Administration trifle with a critical situation by proposing a new Association of Nations based solely on expected agreement, and probably incapable of functioning in any real crisis, when we have the League of Nations, composed of fifty-one members, with its constitution, sanctions and concrete method of inquiry, conciliation and judicial settlement of disputes, and with its truly admirable record of achievement since its inauguration two years ago? There is nothing that has been done at Washington that could not have been done as well, or better, at Geneva if the United States had joined the League.

"We condemn the Administration for its failure to take the inevitable step of joining the existing League of Nations simply because of the partisan record of the Republican Senators on the League issue. Let us abandon the present Republican programme of participation in world affairs only in accordance with our own sweet will and at the behest of emergency. Let us turn away for all time from the shame of co-operating in instalments."

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Solomon Diehl, late of Juniata Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration having been granted the undersigned upon the estate of Solomon Diehl late of Juniata Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

S. C. Diehl,  
Administrator.

John N. Minnich,  
Attorney.  
Dec. 23—Jan. 27.

## Gifts That Last

Wrist Watches from	\$10.00 to \$40.00
Lavaliers from	3.00 to 20.00
Pearl Necklaces from	2.50 to 35.00
Ladies' Rings from	3.00 to 150.00
Men's Rings from	4.00 to 25.00
Men's Watches from	1.75 to 80.00
Cuff Links from	1.00 to 10.00
Scarf Pins from	1.00 to 15.00
Broaches from	1.00 to 20.00
Mesh Bags from	4.00 to 18.00

Full line of Watch Chains, Fobs, Tie Clasps, Traveling Sets, Toilet Sets, Military Sets, French Ivory of all kinds, Fountain Pens, Locketts, Cut Glass, Silverware, Clocks, etc.

Open evenings until Christmas.

**JAMES E. CLEAVER**

Jeweler and Optician  
BEDFORD, PENNA.

# Christmas Club

No Entrance Fee to Join This Club

Just step up to the Christmas Club Window and make the first weekly deposit (of your own choosing) and you "belong."

This Club, like Christmas itself, is for everybody—Rich, Poor, Young and Old. They all appreciate having some extra money when it is most needed, which will be early next December.

PLANS TO SUIT THEM ALL

Club now open and we extend a very cordial invitation to you to join.

**Hartley Banking Co.**  
Bedford, Penna.

## FOR SALE

One new 3 1-2 ton Bethlehem truck, electrical equipment, retail value \$3975.00, will be sold for \$2300 at

**UNION GARAGE,**  
Bedford, Pa.



# Joffre Had Faith in U. S. Troops to Carry the Allies to Victory

By Josephus Daniels  
Former Secretary of the Navy—  
1913 to 1921

The early dispatch of American troops to France, and the selection of Gen. Pershing to command the American expeditionary force, were both due in no small degree to the urging and advice of one man—Marshal Joffre, the hero of the Marne.

Americans hold in admiration the military leaders of the allied countries. The name of Joffre will be a source of inspiration for many years to come. It is synonymous with victory.

But the name of Joffre will be loved as well as honored in America as long as there are men and women left who saw him and listened to him when he came to us in those stirring days of 1917.

I doubt if ever in history has there been a greater military hero, a winner of mighty battles, a commander of conquering armies, whose personality was so charming, so winsome, so provocative of confidence and affection as that of this French general.

"Thought You Were Papa Joffre"  
The story is told of a French private soldier who had laid a friendly hand upon the arm of a French officer, only to be stinging rebuffed for his undue familiarity.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the private, saluting, "I thought you were Papa Joffre."  
The truth of that story will not be doubted by anyone who has seen "Papa Joffre." There is only one word which I can think of that is adequately applicable to him. I do not think I have ever used it before, with reference to a man. The French marshal is beautiful—beautiful in the expression of his eyes, in his complexion, in his simple and dignified bearing and, most of all, in the delightful spirit of his contact and conversation with his fellows.

Now and then during the war when I saw an officer rigid and stern, over-impressed by his own superiority to all ordinary mortals, I wished all men in authority might have learned manners from the man who saved the world at the battle of the Marne.

One of the reasons why Joffre will always hold a distinct place in my memory, a peculiar place in my affection, is because, of all those who came seeking American co-operation, he, more than any man, displayed his faith in the American soldier, his desire to have American manhood at the front.

## Joffre Asks for Men

Men of the allied missions were thoroughly convinced that we could be of immediate use in a very valuable way by providing money, food, munitions. It was on these things most of them were inclined to lay the early emphasis.

But Joffre from the first day asked for men.

Money, food, munitions! Yes, splendid, and thank you, but how soon can we have men?

It is possible that we would have been several weeks or months longer in getting to France with our fighting forces if it had not been for the quiet insistence of Joffre.

Others talked of the long training that would be necessary to prepare men for fighting in Europe; of the necessity of retaining our regulars at home in order to train a great army that might begin to reach France six or eight months later.

Joffre said: "I hope you can send troops this summer. Our sore need is fresh soldiers—sturdy, vigorous Americans."

Joffre had seen those "sturdy vigorous Americans" on our streets, in the throngs which had cheered him wherever he had gone. He believed in them. He believed in their capacity to learn quickly the art of war. He believed in their spirit.

## Would Revive Tired Armies

And Joffre, with the memory of his own war-worn soldiers and his tired sometimes discouraged fellow countrymen, knew what a tonic there would be for weariness and depression in the presence of even a few thousand American boys—enough to march through the streets with high, set chins, and firm, resilient step; enough to carry the flag, the flag of the Stars and Stripes, and to be the visible proof and promise of American participation.

While other men were thinking in material terms, Joffre was thinking in spiritual terms. He knew the morale of France, of Great Britain, of Italy would be stimulated the minute the news was flashed that American soldiers were on European soil. He knew the morale of the enemy would be shaken the minute predictions concerning the impossibility of American soldiers reaching France had been disproved.

This was the burden of his plea to Secretary Baker, with whom he talked freely because the secretary of war was one of the few men in Washington official life who understood French. It was the thing which he stressed when he talked to the president.

## Joffre Impressed by Wilson

Joffre later expressed to me his surprise to find that President Wilson had a perfect mastery of man, and an idealist; he had not expected to meet a scholar, a statesman, and an idealist; he had not expected to meet a practical strategist, fully conversant with all the military movements, and using accurately and freely the lingo of field and camp.

"In answer to my question as to whether it would be feasible to send, in advance of his army, the general who was to command American troops in France, the president said at once, that it could be arranged," said Joffre in substance.

"Then the president asked me," continued Joffre, "what my judgment was as to the type of military leader who should go over ahead of the main body of American troops, and whether he should not be chosen rather because of his fitness to train troops for actual warfare than because of his mastery of military strategy."

The marshal's answer to the president was that in order to meet the situation fully the general chosen to send over first should combine the qualities of a capable trainer and a genius for strategy. It was the marshal's urgent advice to this effect which led to the decision to recall Gen. Pershing from the Mexican border, and to send him to France. Events justified the decision. Gen. Pershing measured up to the standard Joffre had set.

## "Send Men, We'll Arm Them"

When the president and the secretary of war had fallen in with the desire of Joffre for the earliest possible dispatch of American troops to France, the objection was heard that it was useless to send troops until we were in a position to munition them amply.

Every munition plant in the United States had been running at full speed since 1915 turning out munitions for France, Great Britain and Russia. It was manifestly impossible that they could immediately supply with artillery and shells the additional millions of men America was to put in the field. New factories would have to be built, and in an incredibly short space of time this was done.

"Meanwhile," said Joffre, "we can equip your soldiers from the large supplies we have." He was wise enough, since we were now allies to propose that pooling of supplies which in the end made the exercise of the united strength of the allies so much more effective.

"For months our troops had to depend upon the French for shells," critics of the war administration have said.

It is an absurd criticism at a time when the allies were depending upon us for troops and we were turning out vast quantities of munitions.

## Each Gave What It Had

All of us gave them what we had most of to give, and what we could give most promptly and usefully. That was the understanding reached in those Washington conferences. America began giving men at once, and France gave shells. But America was making shells for France, and had been for two years; and she began at once making shells and every other needed munition for herself.

Our allies had no criticism to offer for inability to continue to provide them with all they had been taking in munitions, and at the same time to provide everything necessary for a new army of 4,000,000 men.

Joffre heard people say "Ships will win the war," or "Coal will win the war," or "Food will win the war." He recognized the importance of all the necessary agencies. But he was too good a soldier to believe that anything could win the war except fighting men.

And he was wise enough, too, to know what it took a long time to teach some military and civilian leaders, to wit: that sending troops first would insure sending food to keep them alive and guns and ammunition to fight with. He knew Americans, who had sent their boys to France with only a few weeks supplies, would make or find a way to get them everything they might need of which their allies did not have a surplus in the field.

## Rush Men to the Front

Our war department rushed making ready to send soldiers abroad, rushed training of men here, and took to heart Joffre's repeated suggestion that as quick as possible the American flag floating over American soldiers should be seen at the front. The secretary of war and his assistants lost no time in hurrying troops to the front after Gen. Pershing had arrived and was making wise disposition of them as rapidly as they could be transported.

I think Marshal Joffre had the vision then to see and hear what an old French woman told about when our soldiers actually did reach France and did all the things which Joffre foresaw they would do. It was shortly after the American soldiers were on the move, but before they got fully into action.

"I had been ordered from my home," she said, "for the third time during the war. The Germans were coming and we must take our little belongings and hurry toward Paris. All along the road were men and women and children—a pathetic sight—some with poor old horses and many carrying their little household necessities in packs. Hopeless and desperate they were plodding along out of the track of the invaders. Suddenly we heard a rumbling in the distance like thunder. It came nearer and nearer, louder and louder was the sound. It was a hundred, yes, monsieur, it was a thousand. Oh! it seemed like a million trucks moving toward us."

## Sang the American Classic

Clear the track! Get out of the way! came the command in a tongue strange to most of us. We huddled together on the side of the road to escape the trucks as they wheeled by. They were filled with handsome, ruddy cheeked, stalwart lads, with the glory of youth upon them. And as these robust boys in khaki rode along they were singing a song. You could hear their loud and cheery and heartening voices all down the valley. Oh! monsieur, it was so beautiful, it was so inspiring. I could not fully understand it, but it gave me confidence and courage. It must have been an American classic. I understand English so poorly, monsieur; but it sounded something like this: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

What the hell do we care? "What the words mean I do not know, but one thing I know is after they passed singing that song we were told we could go back to our homes, and we have lived in peace and quiet ever since. Heaven's blessings on those American boys and upon their national air, if it is their national air."

(Another article by former Secretary Daniels will be printed next week.)

# LIVE STOCK

## SELECTING BREEDING STOCK

Stock Improvement Is Closely Related to Heredity Control Which Insures Best Matings.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Raising the standard of farm animals and poultry and bringing out certain desirable characteristics by selective breeding is receiving more attention as methods of farming for profit become intensified.

The breeding of domestic animals dates back to remote antiquity, when the most advanced races of the old world were still on the border line between savagery and barbarism. It far antedates any but the simplest mechanical arts. Yet while our knowledge of the laws of nature as they apply to mechanics has reached very great magnitude and complexity, it is comparatively only a few years since the principles of breeding have been more than a collection of unrelated traditional beliefs.

The same superstitions on which the shepherds of Asia based their practices at least 30 centuries ago are still widely current, while the one sound principle known to the ancients—selection of the best for breeding stock—is still largely neglected.

The principles of successful animal breeding, as they have been learned by practical experience in the United States and other older countries, and by careful scientific study along definite lines, are outlined in Department Bulletin 905, recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

This bulletin goes into the first principles of reproduction and follows the means by which certain characteristics of one or the other parent are transmitted to the offspring, the methods of selection best suited to intensify the desirable characteristics and weed out the undesirable, the characteristics which can with certainty be expected to continue from one generation to another, those which are uncertain, those which will blend, and those which cannot be inherited.

Aside from mere increase in numbers the purposes which the breeder is likely to have in mind fall under two more or less distinct heads, namely, production of a uniform product, and improvement. A uniform product depends on such control over the heredity of the stock that matings can be made with the assurance that the offspring will be of a certain definite type for which there is a



Calves Selected for Breeding Purposes.

demand. Improvement is, of course, closely related to control over heredity, but the methods which give the greatest control are not necessarily those which lead to the most rapid improvement.

In a broad sense the whole subject of practical breeding comes under the head of selection. The most obvious basis for such selection is the performance of the animals themselves. Unfortunately, the merit of most kinds of live stock cannot be measured directly. The study of conformation as an index of useful qualities has accordingly held a high place as a basis for selection of breeding stock. Live stock judging has this for its purpose. An animal of good breeding is a better one to breed than one of equal individual merit but of mixed or common breeding. Pedigree, though often misused, is a valuable aid to selection, apart from following a general policy of mating. The soundest basis of all for selection of breeding stock is the record of past performance as a breeder, provided the record is sufficiently extensive to give a fair test.

## To Clean Leather Bags.

Brown leather bags may be cleaned by rubbing on a thick lather of pure white soap. Apply it with a sponge, rub hard, let it remain on a few minutes, then wipe dry with flannel cloth and polish with vasoline; rub this in with bare hands; rub very hard; don't use too much, and wipe off well.

## Modest Estimate.

There are 1,564,873 excuses to give the wife for getting home late, but none of them are any good.

## Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE

1858—Oct. 27, Theodore Roosevelt born in New York city.  
1880—Graduated from Harvard.  
1882-4—Member of New York legislature.  
1884-6—A ranchman at Medora, N. D.  
1889-95—Member of national civil service commission.  
1895-7—Member of New York police commission.  
1897-8—Assistant Secretary of the navy.  
1898—Colonel of the Rough Riders in Cuba.  
1899-1900—Governor of New York.  
1900—Elected Vice President.  
1901—Sept. 14 took the oath in Buffalo as the twenty-fifth president, aged forty-two.  
1904—November, elected president.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was the most popular of all our presidents. With the exception of Lincoln, his was the raciest, the most interesting character that we have had in the presidency.

Yet he was born apart from the multitude whom he led and he might have lived and died a stranger to the masses of his countrymen but for one thing: He had not the health to enjoy the life of ease which opened to him at his birth. Roosevelt had to fight for his very breath in his gasping, asthmatic childhood.

Finally he took a post-graduate course in physical culture in the wild West, where the "four-eyed tenderfoot" had to fight the battle of his youth all



Roosevelt as a Young Man.

over again, in a strange world, with entirely different standards for measuring men.

Roosevelt cut his eye teeth in political leadership in the corrupt machine-run legislature of New York. He could not have chosen a more thorough school for instruction in the hidden, muddy springs of parties and politics. His experience at Albany put realism into his idealism and made the academic reformer over into the most intensely practical politician we have had in the presidency.

He decided at the outset to act in each office as if it was to be the last that he ever would get, and for nearly 15 years after he left the legislature, Roosevelt could not have been elected to anything in the boss-ridden state of New York. For a long time he was "shelved" on the civil service commission at Washington, until a reform mayor of New York appointed him on the four-headed police commission; but it was soon single-headed so far as the public could see, and that head was full of teeth for police grafters and lawbreakers. At thirty-eight the most he could ask of the Republican politicians, with any hope of getting it, was the assistant secretaryship of the navy. The entire administration sighed with relief when at last he went off to lead his Rough Riders.

In five months he was back from Cuba in the far more troublesome role of a popular hero. The New York machine was in such sore need of a good name to pull it through the pending election that it met him at the wharf and humbly laid at his feet the Republican nomination for governor. But in the governorship, he realized the worst fears of Boss Platt that he harbored, as the boss naively wrote him, "various altruistic ideas," and that he was "a little loose on the relations of capital and labor, on trusts and combinations and . . . the right of a man to run his own business in his own way."

The only thing to do with this wild engine was to turn the switch and shut it on to the side track of the vice presidency. Roosevelt loudly protested that he wanted to be re-elected governor. And while Platt was trying to push him on to the national ticket, McKinley and Hanna just as earnestly tried to push him back on to Platt. The Republican national convention rose up and roared his nomination, flinging him, in spite of himself, upon the tide that led to fortune.

Number Ten is the Best Blood Purifier made.

A Fifty-cent bottle contains a two months treatment and spring is the best time to use it.

Ed. D. Heckerman  
The Druggist Bedford, Pa.

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Agency, Misses Powell & Bain.

We are doing it for thousands of others—why not for you? We believe a trial will convince you.

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ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND  
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EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

## HYNDMAN

Mrs. S. W. Gurthrie and daughter, Mary Jane, of Lakeland, Florida, are spending the holidays with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Noel.

Mr. S. H. Mullin arrived home last Wednesday evening from Potter County hunting camp, with a fine large deer.

Mr. William Knipple, has just butchered two fine large porkers and has a superabundance of meat on hand. He would be pleased to have his neighbors come in and relieve him of his surplus sausage and pudding. Bill is a good natured fellow.

Mr. W. H. Powell, of Berlin, spent the past week with his brother, Rev. J. C. Powell.

Mrs. Carrie Metzger, of Altoona, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Noel.

Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Burkett visited friends in Pittsburgh Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Annie Topper and children, Martin and John, of Pittsburgh, are visiting friends here.

## FISHERTOWN

Scott Rising, of Canton, Ohio, is visiting friends here.

Miss Venie Conley was called to Port Matilda to attend the funeral of her sister on Monday.

The Misses Clever Verdie and Mary have gone to Bedford to spend the winter.

Miss Annie Mickel will spend the winter at the home of Thomas Steek at New Paris.

Miss Jennie Engels will Christmas at the home of Venie Conley.

Our schools are closed for the week as the teachers are attending institute in Bedford this week.

The little sons of Harper Corle and Ralph Moore, who were seriously sick are very much improved.

Miss Minnie Bassett has moved into her home which she purchased from Dr. A. E. Blackburn and which was formerly owned by the Doctor's father, Uriah Blackburn, deceased.

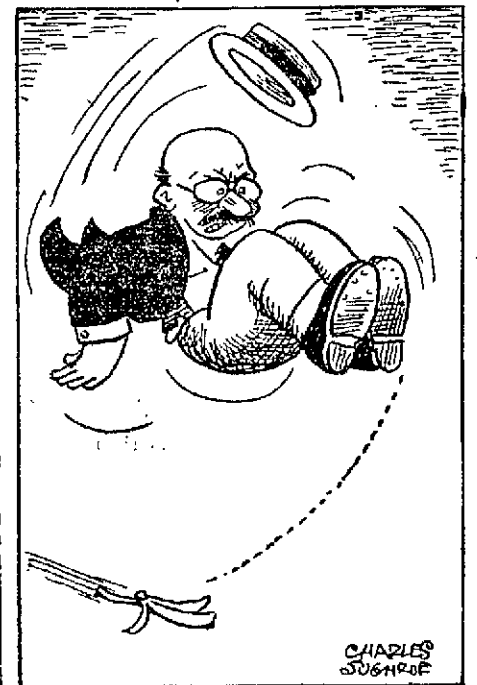
Some of our Sunday schools treated their scholars last Sunday and others will treat this Sunday.

Irvin Miller attended State Grange at York, Pa.

Mrs. Nettie Horn Manges was buried in Fishertown cemetery Monday. She was a resident of Bedford.

Mrs. Manges was well and favorably known here as she was formerly a resident of this place.

## TOWN PESTS



The Careless Banana Peel, when Trod on Unpreparedly, gives one Such a Feeling of Insecurity! Kids, if you Must do your Grazing on our Public Streets, have a Care where you Throw the Banana's Union Suit and the Orange's Overcoat, or you may make an Orphan outa Yourself!

## Frames 500 Years Old.

Framed pictures date back 500 years, when monks nailed wood around their pictures to separate the subjects.

# Kiddies' Colds Can Be Eased Quickly

Dr. King's New Discovery will do that very thing, easily and quickly. Don't say, "Poor little kiddie, I wish I knew what to do for you!" When the cough first comes, give a little Dr. King's New Discovery as directed, and it will soon be eased.

It's a good family cough and cold remedy, too. Loosens up the phlegm, clears up the cough, relieves the congestion. No harmful drugs. For fifty years a standard remedy for colds, coughs, gripple. At your druggists, 60c a bottle.

# Dr. King's New Discovery For Colds and Coughs

Constipated? Here's Relief! Cleanse the system, with Dr. King's Pills. They prompt free bile flow, stir up the lazy liver and get at the root of the trouble. All druggists, 25c.

# PROMPT! WON'T GRIPE Dr. King's Pills

# J. ROY CESSNA

He's The Insurance Man Bedford, Pa.

# DR. FAHRNEY

Hagerstown, Maryland

## DIAGNOSTICIAN

The Dr. Fahrneys have been practicing medicine and have made a specialty of chronic diseases for over 100 years. I am working only with chronic diseases—bad kinds—difficult cases, and I diagnose your case before I treat you. If you have a trouble or weakness or deformity, write to me and I'll study your case and give satisfaction.

# CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no others. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S PILLS. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

# USE SLOAN'S TO WARD OFF PAIN

LITTLE aches grow into big pains unless ward off by an application of Sloan's. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff joints, lame back won't fight long against Sloan's Liniment.

For more than forty years Sloan's Liniment has helped thousands, the world over. You won't be an exception. It certainly does produce results.

It penetrates without rubbing. Keep this old family friend always handy for instant use. Ask your neighbor.

At all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

# Sloan's Liniment (Pain's enemy)

Expression Traced to Gaelic. The expression "son of a gun" is quite common in South Wales. It is thought by some that the word "gun" is derived from the original Gaelic "gunna" (modern Welsh "gwn"), meaning a bowl; if so, the expression "son of a gun" is a fragment of old Celtic mythology, the bowl or caldron in both Irish and Welsh mythology being the source of and origin of evil spirits.